

SPIRIT

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(Blackwood's Mag.)

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

Man comes into the world like morning mushrooms, soon thrusting up their heads into the air, and conversing with their kindred of the same production, and as soon they turn into dust and forgetfulness.

Jeremy Taylor.

Who sleeps below ? who sleeps below ?—

It is a question idle all !—

Ask of the breezes as they blow,

Say, do they heed, or hear thy call ?

They murmur in the trees around,

And mock thy voice, an empty sound !

A hundred summer suns have shower'd
Their fostering warmth, and radiance
bright ;

A hundred winter storms have lower'd
With piercing floods, and hues of night,
Since first this remnant of his race
Did tenant his lone dwelling-place.

Say, did he come from East,—from West ?
From Southern climes, or where the Pole,
With frosty sceptre, doth arrest
The howling billows as they roll ?
Within what realm of peace or strife,
Did he first draw the breath of life ?

Was he of high or low degree ?
Did grandeur smile upon his lot ?
Or, born to dark obscurity,
Dwelt he within some lonely cot,
And, from his youth to labour wed,
From toil-strung limbs wrung daily bread ?

Say, died he ripe, and full of years,
Bowed down, and bent by hoary eld,
When sound was silence to his ears,
And the dim eye-ball sight with-held ;
Like a ripe apple falling down,
Unshaken, 'mid the orchard brown ;

When all the friends that bless'd his prime,
Were vanish'd like a morning dream ;
Pluck'd one by one by spareless Time,
And scatter'd in oblivion's stream ;
Passing away all silently,
Like snow-flakes melting in the sea :

Or, 'mid the summer of his years,
When round him throng'd his children
young,

When bright eyes gush'd with burning tears,
And anguish dwelt on every tongue,
Was he cut off, and left behind
A widow'd wife, scarce half-resign'd ?

Or, 'mid the sunshine of his spring,
Came the swift bolt that dash'd him down ;
When she, his chosen, blossoming
In beauty, deem'd him all her own,
And forward look'd to happier years
Than ever bless'd their vale of tears ?

Perhaps he perish'd for the faith,—
One of that persecuted band,
Who suffer'd tortures, bonds, and death,
To free from mental thrall the land,
And, toiling for the Martyr's fame,
Espoused his fate, nor found a name !

Say, was he one to science blind,
A groper in Earth's dungeon dark ?—
Or one, whose bold aspiring mind
Did, in the fair creation, mark
The Maker's hand, and kept his soul
Free from this grovelling world's control ?

Hush, wild surmise !—'tis vain—'tis vain—
The Summer flowers in beauty blow,
And sighs the wind, and floods the rain,
O'er some old bones that rot below ;
No other record can we trace,
Of fame or fortune, rank or race !

Then, what is life, when thus we see
No trace remains of life's career—
Mortal ! whoe'er thou art, for thee
A moral lesson gloweth here ;
Put'st thou in aught of earth thy trust ?
'Tis doom'd that dust shall mix with dust.

What doth it matter then, if thus,
 Without a stone, without a name,
 To impotently herald us,
 We float not on the breath of fame ;
 But, like the dew-drop from the flower,
 Pass, after glittering for an hour.

Since soul decays not ; freed from earth,
 And earthly coils, it bursts away ;—
 Receiving a celestial birth,
 And spurning off its bonds of clay,

It soars, and seeks another sphere,
 And blooms thro' Heaven's eternal year !

Do good ; shun evil ; live not thou,
 As if at death thy being died ;
 Nor Error's syren voice allow
 To draw thy steps from truth aside ;
 Look to thy journey's end—the grave !
 And trust in him whose arm can save.

July 31, 1823.

ITALIAN ART OF HOAXING.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

Of the Hoax of Hoaxes, practised by Lorenzo de' Medici upon Master Manente the Physician, and of the many rare and diverting Occurrences which proceeded from it.

From the Novels of Lasca.

The following Tale possesses, on many accounts, very peculiar merit—first, as exhibiting a picture, or rather a series of pictures, of national manners and customs, not exceeded in liveliness and fidelity by those which are presented to us in that invaluable repository of Oriental portraiture, the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, to which it will also strike the reader as bearing no little affinity in the resemblance between its hero, Lorenzo de Medici (commonly called the Magnificent,) and the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, a name so familiarly interwoven with all our recollections of childhood, by its frequent occurrence in that delightful store-house of fiction. Secondly, it is no less worthy of notice on account of the new light which it casts on the character of that hero, whom his illustrious English biographer has certainly omitted to represent to us in this view of his features. And lastly, it affords a very wide field for reflection, when it leads us to consider to what an extent, even under the forms of a popular and democratic government, the middling and lower classes of society were held as lawful subjects for the jest and diversion of the great, when so popular a chief as Lorenzo made no scruple of playing his favourite physician a trick which cost him his liberty and his honour, and exposed his life and reason to the utmost peril, for no cause more just than that he was apt to make too free use of his bottle, especially when he could contrive to do so at a friend's expense. The treatment sustained by the worthy knight of La Mancha, at the hands of the unfeeling grandees of Spain, to whom he had the misfortune of becoming a laughing-stock, bears some analogy, (in that respect at least) to the present story ; but I will not conclude these prefatory remarks without repeating, that it seems impossible to regard the tale as a mere fiction, or otherwise than as a narrative (perhaps highly coloured) of some real occurrences, the account of which was in general circulation at the time when the author composed it, that is, not more than fifty years after the death of the most distinguished personage whose name is mentioned in it.

The distinction of "Lorenzo il Vecchio," or The Elder, by which the hero of the jest is identified, led me once to imagine that another Lorenzo (the brother of Cosmo, surnamed Parens Patriæ,) was here intended ; and the epithet "Il Magnifico" assigned to him, would not alone have disproved the supposition, but have only confirmed the truth of an undeniable assertion, made by Sismondi, and somewhat petulantly called in question by Roscoe, that the appellation itself was no other than an honorary mark of distinction, conferred indiscriminately on persons illustrious by birth or office. However, the mention of the "Selve d'Amore," (an undoubted work of the Lorenzo whom we usually distinguish by the name of the Magnificent,) seems to prove that no other than he was the person here meant to be referred to ; and the phrase of "Il Vecchio" applied to him, must therefore be taken in contradistinction to a third Lorenzo, (commonly called Lorenzino,) the assassin of the first Duke Alexander.

INTRODUCTION.

Giacinto had arrived at the conclusion of his novel, with which he had not a little rejoiced and enlivened his auditory, when Amarantha, to whom alone now remained the task of paying the expected tribute, thus, sweetly smiling, began—"I design, most fair ladies, and gentle sirs, to relate to you an anecdote of mystification, which, albeit not brought to perfection under the guidance of Scheggia, or Zoroastro, or any other of the great masters of the art already noticed, I humbly opine that you will think no less worthy of admiration, nor less artificially contrived and executed, than any which you have had already recounted to you. It is one which was practised by the Magnifico, Lorenzo the Elder, upon a certain physician, one of the most arrogant and assuming that the world ever witnessed. In which the so many strange accidents intervened, and such various chances were given birth to, that, if you ever in your lives were moved to surprise or laughter, you will now find matter for both, to your hearts' content."

MASTER MANENTE THE PHYSICIAN.

LORENZO, the elder de' Medici (as it behoves you to know,) was, (if ever there was in this world) a man, not only endowed with all manner of virtue and excellence, but a lover and rewarder of virtue in others and that in the highest degree imaginable. In his days there dwelt at Florence a certain physician, by name Master Manente della Piève, who practised both physic and surgery, but was more of a practitioner than a man of science; one, in truth, of much humour and pleasantry, but so impertinent and assuming, that there was no bearing him. Amongst his other qualifications, he was a great lover of the bottle, a hard drinker, and one who made it his boast that he was a consummate judge of good wine; and frequently, without being invited, would he go of his own accord to dine or sup with the Magnifico, who at length conceived such a dislike of him by reason of his perpetual intrusiveness and impertinence, that he could not endure his sight, and deliberated within himself in what manner he might play such a trick upon him as might effectually prevent him from repeating his usual annoyances. It happened that, one afternoon among others, the aforesaid Master Manente, having been drinking at the tavern, called Delle Bertucce, (which was his favourite haunt,) had made himself so intoxicated, that he could scarcely stand; and mine host, when it came to shutting-up time, caused him to be carried on boys' shoulders out into the street, and laid along on one of the benches in St. Martin's market-place, where he fell so sound asleep that a discharge of cannon would not have awakened him. By some chance Lorenzo was made acquainted with this accident, and, thinking it a most favourable opportunity for the accomplishment of his project, he pretended to pay no attention to the person who was his informant, but feigning a desire to go to sleep, (it being already far advanced towards midnight, and he at all times a little sleeper, making it his constant habit to stay up till about that hour,) caused two of his most faithful grooms to be

sent for to his chamber, and gave them instructions how they were to proceed; who, accordingly, well hooded and disguised, sallied forth from the palace, and went, (by Lorenzo's commission) to the place of St. Martin, where they found the sleeper still snoring most musically, whom they first placed on his legs, then muffled him, and, laying him like a wallet across their shoulders, took him away with them.

The poor physician, finding himself thus treated, full surely imagined that he was in the hands of some of his own companions, and so quietly suffered himself to be ushered, by a back door of the palace of the Medici, into the presence of the Magnifico, who was alone, waiting with incredible impatience the return of his messengers, and who now directed them to carry their load into a remote upper apartment, where, having deposited him on a feather-bed, they stripped him to his shirt, (he knowing no more of the matter than if he had been a dead man,) and, taking away with them all his habiliments, left him securely locked up in his new lodgings.

Lorenzo's next concern was to send for the buffoon Monaco—a personage remarkably well skilled in counterfeiting voices—whom, having first made him exchange his own clothes for those of the physician, and given him the necessary directions, he despatched, just as the bells were ringing for matins, to Master Manente's house in the street de Fossi. It was in the month of September, and the physician's family (consisting of a wife, an infant son, and a servant-maid,) were residing at his country-house in the Mugello, while he himself remained at Florence, but was never to be found at home except at night when he returned to sleep, making it his constant practice to dine either at a tavern, with his boon companions, or else at his friends' houses; insomuch that Monaco, having found the house key in the owner's pocket, easily let himself in, and, in great glee at the thought of at once hoaxing the doctor, and gratifying the humour of

the Magnifico, laid him down on Master Manente's bed, and went to sleep. It was nine o'clock before he woke, and then, having dressed himself again in Manente's clothes, and assuming the master's voice, he called out of the window of the court-yard to a female neighbour who dwelt opposite, saying that he felt himself very unwell, with a pain in his throat, which he had accordingly wrapped in a woollen handkerchief.

Now there was at this time great fear of the plague at Florence, where some symptoms had already discovered themselves; so that the good woman, dreading what might follow, asked him in great trepidation, what he might please to want of her? To whom he answered, that he begged for a couple of new-laid eggs, and a little fire; and then, pretending that he was too ill to support himself, withdrew from the window. The good woman made haste to provide what he wanted, and called to him as loudly as she was able, to tell him that she had placed the articles at the door of his house, and that he must come and fetch them—the which he did accordingly—at the same time exhibiting to the bystanders the appearance of a person scarcely able to totter along through exhaustion, with his mouth and throat muffled up, and altogether so pitiable an object, that all who beheld him were forced to believe that he was in the worst stage of the dreaded disorder.

The rumour soon spread through the city; and a brother of Master Manente's wife, (a goldsmith by trade—by name Niccolajo,) came running forthwith to know how the matter really stood. He knocked, and—knocked again, without receiving an answer, but was assured by all the neighbours, that the poor doctor's was, without doubt, a lost case. Just at this moment Lorenzo rode by the spot on horseback, (as if by accident,) attended by a numerous troop of gentlemen, and, observing the crowd collected round the door, asked what it meant. The goldsmith replied, that he was fearful his brother-in-law, Master Manente, was attacked by the plague, and related all he had heard on the subject. Upon this, the Magni-

fico gave immediate directions that some fit attendant should be sought for to have charge of the sick man, and told Niccolajo where he might find such a person, in the hospital of St. Maria Nuova. To the hospital Niccolajo accordingly went, and found the person in question, who had already been instructed as to the part he had to perform; and who, having undertaken the office, entered the house forthwith, (by the aid of a locksmith,) and shortly afterwards opened one of the windows, and called out to inform the bystanders, that Master Manente had, in good sooth, a plague-boil on his throat as big as a peach, and was already lying at death's door. Upon hearing this, Lorenzo gave orders that the attendant should be supplied through the window, with food and all other necessities, and then departed, with great show of grief and affliction; while the attendant, having received the supply of provisions, closed the window again, and, in company with the pretended dying man, made good cheer on the victuals which were sent him, to which they added a flask or two of the choicest wine which the doctor had in his cellar.

While these things were going on, the poor abused doctor, having slept away a whole day and night, at length awoke, and finding himself in bed, and in the dark, could not imagine what place he had come to, but, calling to mind what had passed before he lost his powers of recollection, persuaded himself that, having been drinking with his friends at the Bertucce, and become intoxicated, they had carried him back to his own house, as had not unfrequently before happened to him. He therefore got out of bed under this impression, and groped his way to where he expected to have found the window, where finding none, he was in utter amazement; and, after some vain efforts to enlighten himself, not having been able to ascertain the place of either door or window in the apartment, he finished by returning to bed again, where he lay in stupid wonder, and, although half famished, afraid to call out, not knowing what mischief might follow.

Lorenzo, in the meantime, proceeding with the management of the drama, ordered the two grooms, who had before been employed by him in this service, to disguise themselves as white friars, with long hoods on their heads, and grinning Carnival masks on their faces; and, thus accoutred, he caused one of them to arm himself with a naked sword in the one hand, and a lighted torch in the other, while the second carried two flasks of excellent wine, two loaves of bread in a napkin, two cold capons, with a piece of roasted veal, and the proper fruits of the season, with which they proceeded in silence to the doctor's apartment. The door being locked on the outside, they opened it with a loud noise, and forthwith entered—the man with the sword and torch keeping guard before the door, to prevent the escape of the prisoner, while the other, advancing to the middle of the room, slowly spread his napkin upon a little table which stood there, and placed the provisions in order.

As soon as Master Manente heard the door open, he started up in his bed, intending to run out immediately—but no sooner did he behold the strange figures of those who entered, than fear overcame him, and not a word was he able to utter. Seeing the sword and torch, he expected little short of instant death; but a glimpse of the victuals somewhat revived him, and he sat patiently for a minute while the table was spread; but, when that was accomplished, and the dumb friar, by signs, invited him to partake, hunger at once became more strong than any other feeling, and, leaping out of bed, he rushed voraciously to the spot, without anything on him but his shirt, till the attendant pointing to a dressing-gown and slippers which were placed on a chair beside him, he accepted the invitation to clothe himself in them; then, taking his seat at the table, fell to work with as keen an appetite, as if he had totally forgot the surprising nature of the circumstances in which he was placed. The attendants, seeing him thus occupied, quitted the apartment with the like speed and silence as they had entered it, and, leaving him with-

out light as before, locked the door after them, and went to relate the success of their mission to the Magnifico. The doctor, meanwhile, found that hunger (like love) can see in the dark; and the mere touch and smell of those good victuals, and those delicious wine flasks, gave him such spirits, that he said to himself, "It is well, Master Manente—things are not near so desperate as they might have been; and, come what will if I am doomed to die, I shall at least have the satisfaction of dying with my belly full." So saying, he fell to with marvellous appetite, and, having consumed the best part of the provision which was laid before him, and carefully wrapped up in the napkin, and stowed away, the remainder, to serve for a future emergency, finding nothing better to be done, and flattering himself, (in the beatitude of a well-filled stomach) with the belief, that it was a mere trick of some of his companions, who would soon return to release him, he went into bed again, where he lay for some time, thinking upon the grinning masks which had saluted him, till the very thought of them made him laugh inwardly, and at last fell asleep as soundly as before.

Early the next morning, the attendant from the hospital threw open the doctor's window, and, in a loud voice, proclaimed to the neighbours, that his patient had passed a good night; that the boil had come to a head with the help of poultices; and that he entertained good hopes of his recovery. So passed the day without further inquiry, and, towards evening, the Magnifico made known to his coadjutors, that an excellent opportunity had presented itself for carrying on the jest, by the accidental death of a certain young gallant, named Franciosino, who had fallen from his horse and broken his neck, in the square of St. Maria Novella, and had been laid out for interment, and buried that same evening, by the friars of the monastery, in one of the vaults without-side the principal entrance to their church. As soon as this occurrence was made known to them, together with what was Lorenzo's pleasure as to the prosecution of the adventure, they began to give effect to it by

the hospital servant in the first place, going again to the window, and declaring, in dolorous accents, that the disease had taken a new turn, and the plague-boil so much increased, that poor Manente was almost choked by it, and very unable either to eat or speak. Upon this, the goldsmith, Niccolajo, became very anxious that he should have somebody sent to him, to make his last will and testament; but he was answered that the thing was impossible for that night, but he might return the next morning, when measures might be taken for accomplishing it; and also for confessing the patient, and administering to him the sacrament. With this the goldsmith was obliged for the present to rest satisfied, and when the crowd had dispersed, the Magnifico's two grooms, who had been sent to disinter the body of the unfortunate Franciosino, brought it secretly to the doctor's house, where Monaco and his attendant as secretly received it; and, having so done, wrapped it carefully in a new linen shroud, bound its throat with bandages, which they had previously dipped in plague-ointment, belaboured the face with thumps and blows, so as to make it look swollen and livid, and laid it out on a table in the basement story, with a bonnet on its head, which was well known to be one usually worn by the doctor on solemn occasions, and strewn with orange-flowers, and then went to bed, after again drinking and laughing together heartily.

It was no sooner morning, than the attendant once more opened the case-ment, and, with abundance of tears, proclaimed to the neighbours and passers, how Master Manente had, just at the turn of day-break, departed from this present life; so that, in an hour's time, the news had spread throughout Florence, and the brother-in-law hearing it, ran to the spot, and was acquainted by the attendant with the pretended particulars. Seeing that there was now no remedy, the next step was to take instant measures for his interment; and, for this purpose, the goldsmith first gave the requisite information to the board of health, by whom the funeral was di-

rected to take place with every proper precaution. Those to whom the charge of removing the corpse was committed, could not help remarking the great alteration of feature. This, however, was attributed entirely to the disorder of which he died, and not a doubt occurred to any of them, or to any of a numerous crowd of bystanders, who looked on at a respectful distance, smelling at sweet herbs and vinegar, while the body was tumbled into the first vault which they found open, head foremost. Nor is it to be doubted, that Master Manente's fur bonnet, which was well known to everybody present, greatly helped the illusion. The funeral being over, the goldsmith, Niccolajo, took upon himself the farther duty of acquainting his sister with the mournful event, which he did in the most soothing terms imaginable, recommending to her to remain with her young son in the country, and leave it to himself to settle the affairs of the deceased in Florence; which was arranged accordingly.

Five or six days had now passed away, during which they never failed to provide the physician with a plentiful meal every morning and evening, served up by the same men in hoods and masks, as on the first day of his imprisonment. At last, one morning, four hours before day-break, these same obsequious valets, dressed as before, opened the door of his apartment, by command of the Magnifico, and made the poor doctor get up, and slip on an under-garment of red *suguartone*, with a pair of long mariners' boots of the same materials, and a hat *à la Grecque* on his head. They then muffled him in a cloak, so that he was not able to see, led him out of his chamber, and conducted him into the court-yard, trembling all over from fright, as if he had had the quartan ague. There they lifted him from the ground, placed him in a covered litter drawn by two mules, and set forward on their journey by the gate of *La Croce*, the same two grooms leading the way on horseback, in their ordinary habits. Master Manente, as soon as he felt the motion of the carriage, was seized with new wonder and consternation. The voices of the coun-

try people, and noise of animals which they heard, as day advanced upon them, convinced him that it was not a dream. He bethought himself, however, of all things that appeared most favourable in the singular circumstances of his present condition, and allowed himself to be comforted. Meanwhile, not a word was uttered by either of his conductors, loud enough for him to hear. They stopped in the course of the day to take refreshments, and at last, about midnight, arrived at the Hermitage of Camaldoli, where they were gladly received and welcomed by the Father Guardian, and conducted by him, through his own cell, to an anti-chamber adjoining, and thence to a sort of study, which again opened into a little parlour, the window of which had been walled up, and which was furnished with a small truckle-bed, a desk, and a table. This last mentioned chamber was situate on the brink of a most deep and solitary precipice, inaccessible from without to both man and beast, far remote withal from any inhabited part of the convent, and where not a sound was ever heard, except of wind and thunder, and now and then of a distant bell tolling for Ave-Mary, and mass, or calling the brethren together to their meals. This place was judged by the two conductors exactly suited to their purpose. So they went back to the court-yard where they had left their unfortunate victim still locked up in the litter, from which they drew him forth, half dead with hunger and thirst, no less than with terror, and conveyed him, with scarce a sign of knowledge or understanding, to the habitation assigned him. They then once more accoutred themselves in their former habiliments, with the drawn sword and torch and grinning masks, which were now so familiar to their captive, that he felt as much joy at the sight of them as of some long-lost friend and acquaintance, more especially as they brought with them the welcome addition of a good supper to stay the cravings of his stomach, upon which he fell to like a cormorant.

We shall here take the liberty of shortening some of the details of this memorable history. The two grooms,

having delivered themselves of their charge, left him, (with directions to two lay brothers of the monastery to serve him in the same manner as they themselves had been accustomed to do,) and returned to gratify Lorenzo with a report of their proceedings. It so happened that, shortly afterwards, the Magnifico had occasion to leave Florence on affairs of state, which occupied all his thoughts and attention during an absence of several months, and caused him utterly to forget the poor doctor; and the Guardian and the monks of Camaldoli having, in all this time, received no counter-instructions, went on, from day to day, treating their prisoner precisely according to what was first enjoined them; while he, having learned to consider his captivity as quite hopeless, had gradually become in a manner reconciled to his fate, placing all his happiness in eating and drinking, (the materials for which were abundantly supplied to him,) and consuming in sleep almost all the hours which were not devoted to those noble purposes of existence. Meanwhile, certain domestic events occurred, which (we will charitably suppose) had not been at all in the contemplation of the Magnifico when he projected this memorable mystification. The supposed widow, after mourning for six months with the most exemplary patience, was, at the end of that period, persuaded to bestow her hand, together with the possessions she had derived from her late husband, upon a friend of her brother, by name Michael Angelo, who was also a goldsmith, with whom she now resided at Florence, in Master Manente's house, in all joy and festivity, and was reported to be already in a fair way of increasing the family establishment.

Things were in this state, when Lorenzo, on his return to Florence, meeting accidentally a monk of Camaldoli, who had journeyed thither after certain purposes relating to his convent, was suddenly reminded by the sight of him of Master Manente, whom he had so long forgotten, and commissioned him accordingly to carry back with him a letter which he wrote to the Guardian, containing instructions how he was to

proceed to act with his prisoner. Meanwhile, that unfortunate gentleman had generally prevailed upon his keepers to relax the extreme severity of the rules first adopted with respect to him. He was allowed the light of a lamp, which added to the gratification afforded him by the meals which were provided for him, the pleasure of *seeing* the good cheer which he tasted; and, though neither Guardian nor monks would venture so far to transgress their orders as to hold any converse with him, they permitted him to testify his gratitude for the indulgence granted him, by singing several of the airs which he used to be celebrated for his skill in chaunting among his old boon companions; besides which, he would sometimes exercise his talent of an improvisatore, and, at others, having a fine clear voice and good pronunciation, would recite some of the stanzas of Lorenzo's lately published poems, entitled *Selve d'Amore*, all which his hearers listened to with marvellous delight and satisfaction.

By this time he had nearly abandoned the hope of ever again beholding the light of the sun; when the monk whom Lorenzo had met in the streets of Florence returned, and delivered to the Father Guardian the letter that was intrusted to him; on perusal of which, that Holy Father took upon him forthwith to carry into execution the instructions contained in it. Accordingly, before day-break the next morning after, the two lay brothers, habited as before, entered the doctor's chamber, and having made him get out of bed, caused him, by signs, to clothe himself in a sailor's dress, which they brought with them for the purpose, after which they hand-cuffed and muffled him, and in that guise led him outside the gates of the monastery. Master Manente now surely thought that the end of his life was at hand, and that he should never more taste bread; but, though lamenting himself beyond measure, nevertheless, from the dread of something worse that might befall him, suffered himself to be led without resistance, wherever they pleased to carry him. For two hours or more, they accordingly dragged him along through woods and bye-places, till they arrived

near the Vernia, where, at the foot of a very large pine-tree, in the centre of a deep valley, they stopped, and after binding him fast to the trunk with vine-twigs, removing the large hat from over his eyes, and the cloak from his back, and taking off his manacles, they left him to himself, and ran away with the speed of lightning; tracing back the way they had come, and never resting till they reached Camaldoli, where nobody, in the mean while, had noticed their absence.

Master Manente, thus tied to the tree and abandoned, was filled with exceeding great fear; but, having listened for a long while, and hearing no sound of any living creature near him, began to draw his hands together, and easily slipped his ligatures. He now looked up through the branches of the tree and saw the stars shining, by which he found that he was in the open air, and at liberty. His joy at this unexpected discovery, was somewhat moderated by the new species of alarm which he experienced from the nature of his situation—alone, in an unknown, and seemingly impervious forest; nor was he by any means without apprehension of his masked conductors returning and carrying him away with them again, the Lord knew whither. By degrees, however, daylight broke upon his solitude, and so far encouraged him, that he set forward on his route by a little straggling path which he discovered among the trees, though wholly ignorant where it might chance to lead him. He had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile before he reached a wider and more trodden road, on the summit of an eminence, where he soon after met a muleteer, of whom he inquired where he was, and was answered, at La Vernia, to which his informant added, "But, what the devil! are you blind? Don't you see San Francesco before you?" Upon which, looking upwards, he beheld indeed the church of San Francesco, at the top of the hill, at no greater distance than two bow-shots from the place where he was standing.

It is impossible to describe the delight of Master Manente on finding himself once more at a spot already

familiar to him, as the scene of many a party of pleasure. He heartily thanked the muleteer, and set off full speed for the convent, which he reached in good season, and found there a Milanese gentleman, who, in travelling, had met with the misfortune of dislocating his ankle, and was about sending for a doctor from Bibbiena to come and set it. Manente, being informed of the circumstance, assured him there was no need, as he was himself a physician, and would undertake his cure in twenty-four hours; and as, notwithstanding his seaman's attire, there was that in his air and manner which inspired credit, the traveller was easily prevailed upon to accept his offer. To make this matter short, the cure was speedily completed, and the doctor having received two ducats for his fee, and having also liberally regaled himself at the expense of his patient, proceeded, in high spirits, on the road to Mugello, where, (as we have said) was his country-house, which he reached about sun-set.

Here, finding the gate shut, the first thing he did on his arrival, was to call loudly, by name, on the bailiff, who had the charge of the place when the family were absent, and was answered, in a strange voice, that the person he called had long since left that service, and was living at another farm a great way off. This answer appeared not a little strange to him, as he could not well digest the notion of his wife having taken upon her to dismiss his servants without his knowledge. He pretended, however, to the countryman who now addressed him, that he was an intimate friend of the master of the house, and intimated that he should be glad of a night's lodging. The man, seeing his strange garb, was not well satisfied what to do upon the occasion. However, he was at last prevailed upon by Master Manente's fair speaking, and admitted him into his little cabin, where he was invited to partake of the slender supper provided for the household. The doctor being resolved not to make himself known to these people, asked no questions about the family; but, seeing pen, ink, and paper, on

a table, sat down and wrote a short letter to his wife, which he gave to the labourer's son in charge to deliver the first thing in the morning at his house in Florence. He then betook himself to rest on the bed of straw, which was all the accommodation they had to offer him, and on which he soon fell asleep, notwithstanding the multitude of thoughts which now began to distract him.

Next morning, by the first dawn of day, Manente's messenger set off for Florence with the letter, and, reaching Master Manente's house by dinner-time, delivered it into the hands of his good lady, Monna Brigida, who, recognizing her husband's hand-writing, was ready to faint away on the spot. Her grief and consternation increased on perusal of the letter, and were still farther augmented by the answers which the boy returned to her inquiries concerning the person, voice, and stature of him who had sent it. She immediately sent for Michel Angelo, the goldsmith, who was no less surprised than she had been at reading the letter: but, nevertheless, holding it for certain that Manente was dead and buried, gave it as his opinion that the person who wrote it was an impostor, who had adopted this contrivance for accomplishing some unlawful purpose, either with regard to her person, or her late husband's property; the contents of the letter shortly being, that the writer informed his dearly beloved consort, how, after many and strange perils had passed, after being shut up for a twelve-month in fear of his life, and having finally escaped by a miraculous Providence, he had at length reached his own home in safety, but was there denied admittance; begging, therefore, that she would forthwith send an order to the new bailiff to receive him, together with a change of linen, his cloak, boots, and other necessities, after which he would himself come to Florence the next day, and there, in the arms of his dear Brigida, recount to her all the particulars of the wonderful events that had befallen him.

Michel Angelo, the goldsmith, having (as has been said) made up his mind

to its being an imposture, now wrote in the name of the lady, and returned by the same messenger, a letter full of wrath, commanding the pretender to depart in God's name, or he would otherwise send the officers to lay hold of him; and this being despatched, he returned to his shop, leaving Monna Brigida at home full of suspense and half stupified.

Master Manente had passed the day in strolling to the house of a friend of his who kept poultry, about three miles off, to whom he passed himself for a traveller just arrived from Albano, and where (without making himself known to him) he purchased a pair of fat capons, which he carried back with him for his supper, fully expecting, on the return of his messenger, to be recognized as master, and admitted into his own mansion. He was not greatly delighted, therefore, at finding a very different reception, nor at the delivery of a note without seal or subscription—the contents of which were still more displeasing to him than the mode of address or delivery. His host of the preceding night gave him moreover to understand, (in no very courteous language,) that he must look out elsewhere for a lodging; a demand which the poor doctor did not stay to hear repeated, but told him he would depart immediately. His mind now began to misgive him, that he had, in good truth, made an exchange of his own personal identity, and was no longer Master Manente; insomuch that, in a voice at once the most humble and disconsolate, he entreated the countryman to tell him who was his master; whereto the countryman replied, that his master was Master Michel Angelo, the goldsmith, whose wife was Monna Brigida. He then inquired again whether this Monna Brigida had ever before been married; to which the countryman returned answer, Yes; and that her former husband, (as he had heard say,) was Master Manente, a physician, who died one day of the plague, and had left an only son, called Sandrino, (or little Alexander.) “Alas! alas!” exclaimed the physician, “what is this you tell me!” And then asked many other questions, to all which the man answered that

he was not able to inform him, being himself from the Casentino, and an entire stranger to the neighbourhood of Mugello.

Master Manente now determined with himself to leave his present quarters without further delay; and, as he had still two hours of day-light, took the road towards Florence, comforting himself with the hope that his wife and relations had been deceived by some false report of his death, but would immediately recognize him on his returning among them. He arrived late in the evening at a public house, about a mile from the city, where he rested for the night, eating only two poached eggs for his supper; and the next morning early, having discharged his reckoning, proceeded to Florence, and walked half-way through the city without being recognized by a single individual, although he met several of his old friends and acquaintances, so entirely was he metamorphosed by his seaman's habit. At last, turning the corner of the street de' Fossi, he saw his wife, leading his little boy by the hand, enter the house as they were returning from mass; and, being well assured that she also had seen him, but without showing the least sign of knowledge, his heart misgave him; and, instead of going directly home, as was his first intention, he went to Santa Croce, to find one Master Sebastiano, his confessor, thinking that he would be a good negotiator; but, upon inquiry, was told that he had gone to Bologna, upon which he was quite in despair, and could not tell what step was next to be taken.

Thus, having made the circuit of the city, through the Piazza, and both the old and new market places, and having met, among divers others of his old acquaintance, his most intimate friends, Biondo the broker, Feo the musician, Leonardo the saddler, and Master Zenobio the barber, without any of them appearing to have the least recollection of him, he became at last almost beside himself. By this it was dinner-time, and, in a state of desperation, he betook himself to his old quarters, Delle Bertucce, where the landlord, Master Amadore, was another of his most familiar companions, who, after he had

sat there some time, observed to him that he thought he had seen his face before, but could not remember where, or on what occasion; to which the mortified doctor replied that it was very likely, as he had formerly resided for some time in Florence, which he had left to go to sea, and, being now returned, intended to take up his abode here again; wherewith the said Amadore appeared to be perfectly satisfied, and asked no farther questions.

He now, having dined, resolved at all hazards to make himself known to Monna Brigida that same evening; and accordingly, when he judged it a convenient time, he sallied forth once more to the street de' Fossi, and having given two loud knocks at the door, the lady herself came to ask who was there.—To whom the poor physician answered, "It is I—open the door to me, my dear Brigida."—"And who are you?" rejoined the lady. To which Master Manente replied in a whisper, so as not to be heard by all the neighbourhood,—*"Come hither, and I will tell you."*—Monna Brigida, to whom both the voice and looks of the unwelcome visitor appeared greatly to strengthen the misgivings which his letter had occasioned, declined obeying his summons, and said only, "Whosoever you are, tell it me directly, and what you want?"—"Don't you see?" answered the physician—"Is it not I—your Manente—your true and lawful husband—and are you not my wife, whom I am come back to claim, after a long and cruel absence?"—"Master Manente, my husband—you certainly are not?" said the lady, "seeing that he is dead and buried."—"How, Brigida?—dead!" rejoined the physician; "No—I never died—nor was buried?" And then he added, "Open the door quickly—for love's sake, open. Why, don't you know me again, my own dear love? Am I then so metamorphosed? Nay, open, open, and I will immediately convince you that I am still living."—"What!" said the obdurate lady; "and are you then the impudent fellow that sent me a letter yesterday? Begone! begone instantly—and a plague upon you! If my

husband returns, and finds you here, there will be the devil to pay."

A crowd of people was by this time collected round the door. Whereupon Monna Dorothea, a very decent personage who lived opposite, and had witnessed all that had passed, said to Brigida—"Have a care, daughter,—for this may well be Master Manente's spirit, seeing that, verily, he much resembles him in voice and figure. Speak to it, then, and ask it in civil language, whether or no it wants aught with thee?" Upon which Brigida, who was half inclined to believe the truth of what she now heard, began with piteous accents thus to accost him,—*"Oh, blessed spirit! hast thou any thing which presses upon thy conscience? Dost thou require the office for the dead to be performed for thee? Hast thou any undischarged vow to accomplish? Say what thou wouldst have, oh gentle spirit! and then depart in peace, and in God's name."* Master Manente, hearing this invocation, was half inclined to laugh out in spite of his vexation; but he simply answered, by assuring her, that he was still living, and that she had only to open the door to be convinced that it was so. She, nevertheless, went on, crossing herself, and asking if the poor ghost required the mass of St. Gregory to be said for it; and then, also, Monna Dorothea, in like manner, chimed in with her, saying, *"Spirit of grace! if so be that thou art in purgatory, declare it, in order that thy good wife may perform jubilee, and withdraw thee from the place of thy torments."* Then, making the longest signs of the cross ever seen, and repeating at every moment her *"Requiescat in pace,"* all the people who stood round about began by degrees to do the same, and withdraw themselves to a more awful distance; seeing which, and that there was no chance of his making any farther impression on Monna Brigida, supported as she was by her old gossiping neighbour, the poor disconsolate doctor once more quitted the field, and retreated in the direction of St. Maria Novella, while the crowd made way for him on every side, crossing themselves with all

their might, and running and tumbling over each other in their fright, no less than if they had actually beheld one risen from the dead.

For that night he again took up his old quarters at the Bertucce, intending the next morning to have recourse to the spiritual court for assistance. But, desirous to make one more trial, he proposed to his host to invite Burchiello the poet, and Biondo the broker, (than whom he had not two more intimate friends in the world) to sup with him; which mine host gladly undertook, and the invitation being as gladly accepted, they all three met at the Bertucce at the hour appointed.

At their first meeting, Burchiello exhibited some signs of recognition, particularly on hearing the sound of his voice; and Master Manente, on his feet, paid him the most marked attention, saying that he had been induced, by his reputation, thus to seek the honour of his acquaintance; for all which Burchiello thanked him with due formality. They then sat down to table; and while they were waiting for supper, Master Manente entertained them with a long fabulous narrative of his life, and the cause which had brought him hither. Burchiello had by this time whispered Biondo that he never saw so great a likeness as of this man to their old friend Manente; and that, if he had not been sure he was dead, he should say, that without doubt, it was he himself—to which Biondo fully assented.

Meanwhile mine host, having put all things in order, the salads made their appearance, accompanied by bread and two flasks of sparkling wine; upon the sight of which they left off their discourse, and set to with excellent appetites, mine host and Burchiello taking the inside of the table, and Master Manente and Biondo the opposite seats. Thus, while they ate and drank, Burchiello kept his eyes constantly fixed on the doctor, and the first thing he remarked, was his drinking two cups of wine, one immediately after the other upon his salad, which was also Master Manente's constant custom. He remained silent, however, though inwardly marvelling; and, on the arrival of

the next course, consisting of pigeons and small birds, he again remarked that the first thing done by the stranger was to separate the heads from the bodies of the birds, and eat them,—being a part of which Master Manente was likewise particularly fond. Upon this, he was just on the point of discovering himself, but restrained his intentions for the sake of still farther assurance. Lastly, when the fruit was placed on the table, consisting of pears, (*sementine*,) grapes (*sancolombane*,) and excellent *raviggiuoli*, he became perfectly satisfied; for the physician, after partaking of both the former, ended his supper without touching the *raviggiuoli*, notwithstanding all the rest of the company bestowed upon them the highest praises; Burchiello very well knowing that Master Manente had such an antipathy to this species of eatable, that he would as soon have eaten both his own hands as touched them. Upon receiving this last proof of identity, he seized him (laughingly) by the left hand, and lifting up his sleeve, discovered near the wrist the mark of a rash of bacon, which Master Manente had brought with him from his mother's womb; whereupon he exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Thou art Master Manente, and canst conceal it no longer;" and, throwing both his arms round his neck, embraced and kissed him.

Biondo and mine host, seeing what passed, were lost in amazement, and retreated backwards a little, that they might more securely mark what followed: Which was, that Manente replied to Burchiello's salutation, by saying, "You only, Burchiello, of all my friends and relations, have acknowledged me for what I am, and that I am indeed that very Master Manente, who never died, as was falsely reported, and is so foolishly credited by my wife, and by all Florence." At this, Amadore and Biondo waxed pale as ashes—the one crossed himself, the other followed his example, and both felt the same terror as if they had really seen the ghost of one departed; but Burchiello took upon him to re-assure them, saying, "My good friends, don't be frightened. Touch him, and feel him; spirits are not made of flesh and bone,

as this man is—besides which, have you not seen him eat and drink in your presence?" To which Manente added, "I am a living man, pray, don't doubt it; don't be afraid of me, my brethren! In good sooth, I never yet have known what death is. Only listen, and I will relate to you one of the most marvellous stories ever heard beneath the sun." By which, and other such like expressions, he, with Burchiello's assistance, at length so far succeeded, that, by little and little, they got the better of their terror and incredulity.

Supper being cleared away, and the doors locked to prevent intrusion, the four friends resumed their seats at the table, and Master Manente recounted to them in full the history of his strange disasters. But had no sooner concluded, than Burchiello (who was the cleverest fellow existing) said directly, "This is all a trick of Lorenzo the Magnifico." The others stoutly opposed this conclusion, declaring that the whole was most undoubtedly the effect of enchantment. Nevertheless, Burchiello, persisting in his first impression, continued, "It is not every body who knows as well as I do the fruitfulness of that man's invention, nor how impossible it is to make him forego any enterprise which he has once taken in hand. It is the very devil to have to do with one who, like him, knows everything, and has power and inclination to back all his designs." Then turning to the Doctor, he said, "I long ago suspected that he might have the heart to play you some such prank as you have related to us. Depend upon it, Master Manente, princes are always princes; and woe be to him who thinks he may presume upon their familiarity to take liberties with them."

Manente, in his turn now made his friends relate to him the history of the pretended plague, and of the man who was buried in his place with the tumour in his throat—all which things sorely perplexed him; nor was Burchiello himself able to find the clue to this part of the contrivance. At length, however, they all came to one conclusion, which was, that Master Manente had nothing for it but to commence

proceedings in the Bishop's Court for the recovery of his rights and property. And with this resolution they separated, the Doctor going along with his friend Burchiello, the other two not being yet altogether satisfied as to the reality of what they had witnessed.

In the meantime, Michel Angelo the goldsmith, on his return home, had been informed by Monna Brigida of all that had happened, which was confirmed by her sanctified neighbour, who added, moreover, that she was certain it was Master Manente's spirit, which wanted to be redeemed out of purgatory. "What spirit, what purgatory, you foolish woman!" exclaimed the angry goldsmith. "Can't you perceive that it was that same impostor, that vagabond sailor, who sent you the letter yesterday morning?" And therewithal he grew very pensive, being ill able to account for so strange an occurrence, and yet willing to give credit to any interpretation of it rather than the true one, or than to believe that Master Manente, whom he had seen dead and buried, was returned to life again.

The next morning early, having washed and trimmed his hair and beard according to the fashion of the day, and accoutred in some clothes of his friend Burchiello's which exactly fitted him, Master Manente sallied forth again into the streets of Florence; and in these, which resembled his own ordinary habits, he was seen and recognized by many; Biondo and Amadore having in the meantime circulated the report of his being alive, and returned to Florence in quest of his wife and his chattels. Among the rest, he was seen both by Niccolajo and Michel Angelo, who, notwithstanding the evidence of their senses, still continued to intrench themselves in the persuasion, that Master Manente being dead and buried, this man could not possibly be he, however strongly resembling him. So, having heard that he intended to make his claim in the Bishop's Court, they, on their part, prepared for their defence against it, to which end they furnished themselves with credentials from the officers of the board of health,

and with the proper certificate of burial.

To lose no time, that same afternoon Master Manente lodged his complaint, and took out a summons, which his brother-in-law and Michel Angelo forthwith attended; and the Vicar, (who presided as judge,) having considered on one side the proof of identity, and on the other, the produced certificates, became utterly perplexed and confounded. However, as there was clearly a dead man in the case, and it was equally clear that the person who stood before him as Master Manente, was not that dead man, he concluded that there must have been some foul play (perhaps murder) in the business, which rendered it fit for the cognizance of a criminal tribunal. For which reason, having secretly informed the Council of Eight concerning his cause of suspicion, the officers of justice were forthwith despatched to the Court, where the parties were still pleading, and where they were all arrested and put in prison.

The next day, as soon as the Council was sitting, Master Manente was had before them, and interrogated as to all that happened, which he recounted in so minute, and at the same time artless a manner, that several of the counsellors, notwithstanding the gravity of the proceeding, and the unaccountable nature of the circumstances, could not refrain from laughing at many passages. Having finished his narrative, he was remanded to prison, and Niccolajo and Michel Angelo were, one after another, next had up and examined, who not only exactly agreed in all the circumstances of their story, but confirmed it by the production of the certificates already mentioned. They were also remanded, and the Council proceeded next to send for the hospital servant who had been present at the supposed death of Manente, and by whom it was wisely judged that some light might be cast on the mystery. But it so fell out, for the sake of the jest, that this same fellow, whose examination must have led to the detection of the whole plot had some time before wounded a man in a fray, in consequence of which he absconded, and

had never since been heard of. Thus, all things combined to further this most admirable of hoaxes. The Council then instructed their officers to make every inquiry that was possible, in order to ascertain the degree of credit due to each story; and the result of their investigation was to confirm (so far as it was possible to arrive at any conclusion) the veracity of all the witnesses.

In the meantime, Burchiello, who was most zealous in serving the cause of his friend Manente, called upon one of the members of the Council, with whom he was familiarly acquainted, and apprized him of his suspicions that the Magnifico was at the bottom of all that had happened, adding, that it was quite impossible such events could have taken place in the midst of Florence without his connivance. The magistrate in question fully adopted this view of the matter, and having communicated it the following morning to the assembled Council, it was determined to send a letter on the subject to Lorenzo himself, (who was then at the baths of Poggio,) requesting his advice and assistance at their deliberations. The letter was sent accordingly; and the parties (against none of whom any specific charge was exhibited,) dismissed for the present, with a strict prohibition to all of them from approaching within a hundred yards of the street de' Fossi, and from holding any communication with Monna Brigida, under pain of the gallows, until the question should be determined.

The Magnifico, on the receipt of the letter addressed to him by the Council of Eight, was thrown into fits of laughter, and swore that so exquisite a jest, so well contrived, and so successful in all its parts, had never been known since the foundations of the world were laid. In short, he was absolutely in ecstasies of delight and self-approbation. About a week afterwards he returned to Florence, and was waited upon the same day both by Master Manente and by his adversaries, but who neither of them obtained audience. The next day Manente renewed his visit, and found the Magnifico just sitting down to dinner, who, on seeing him, assumed an appearance of the ut-

most astonishment, saying, "In good sooth, Master Doctor, I did not expect that I should ever behold your face again, having been informed, as of a certainty, that you were dead and buried. And even now, I am not well satisfied whether you are indeed what you appear to be, or somebody else resembling him—or, in fine, some supernatural illusion." The doctor, after again and again repeating that he was not dead, but in sober reality the true living Manente, and none but himself, would have knelt and kissed the hand of the Magnifico; but he motioned him off, saying,—“Keep your distance—All I shall say at present is, that if you are the true and living Manente, as you give yourself out to be, you are very welcome; but if not, the contrary.” The doctor would then have begun to tell his whole story; but the Magnifico cut him short, saying that the present was not the proper time for it, adding, however, that, at a certain hour of the evening he should return, and he would then give him audience in his private apartment, at which time he had summoned the opposite party to attend him also.

Master Manente having thanked him, returned to his friend Burchiello, who laughed in his sleeve at what he related to him. All the parties, that evening, were punctual in their attendance according to Lorenzo's appointment, and were forthwith summoned to appear in his private chamber, where they found him surrounded by some of the chief citizens of Florence, by all of whom the physician Manente was well known, and very much regarded. Before these, both parties were now again heard, and the proofs produced on the part of the goldsmiths examined, all which excited the greatest possible astonishment and perplexity; but the narrative of Master Manente, in particular, could not be heard without its causing incredible diversion and laughter; insomuch that Lorenzo was not satisfied till he had made the physician repeat it three times successively, every repetition only serving to increase their delight and merriment, which was not at all diminished by the indignation which he displayed at the story told by

the two goldsmiths, whom he made no scruple of lauding with every term of reproach and obloquy.

By this time the Vicar made his appearance upon Lorenzo's summons, and, being received with all due reverence, took his seat by the invitation of the Magnifico, upon the bench beside him; to whom, when seated, the Magnifico thus addressed himself,—“May it please your reverence, since I know that you are already well acquainted with the difference which has arisen between these worthy persons, I need say no more on the subject, except that, having been appointed by the choice of the most honourable Council of Eight, to be arbiter of that difference, nothing more is wanting to enable me to pronounce judgment but to ascertain that Master Manente never died, and that this party whom we now have before us, is not a mere fantastic illusion, or walking dæmon; the which it is your part to make clear and manifest.”—“How, and in what manner is this to be accomplished?” cried the astonished ecclesiastic.—“That is what I will immediately make known to your reverence,” answered Lorenzo, and therewith told him that he must have the assistance of some exorcising friars, and the use of certain relics, famous for their virtue in dispelling the works of enchantment.—“You have said well,” answered the Vicar. “Give me only six or eight days to prepare, and if he then stands the test, you may securely set him down for a living man, and Master Manente *in propria personâ*.”—Manente would upon this have made some observations; but the Magnifico, rising from his tribunal, prevented him, and without further remark, led the way out of the apartment, followed by the gentlemen who were present with him, and who all joined with him in heartily laughing at the strange scene they had witnessed.

The next day, the Vicar, who was a good and decent Christian, and in the odour of sanctity, (*dolcissimo religioso*,) caused it to be proclaimed through the whole bishopric, that all priests and friars who possessed relics of virtue for casting out devils, should bring them to Florence within six days, to

the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, upon pain of his high displeasure. All the country round, nothing was now talked of besides this strange occurrence, and it seemed to the two goldsmiths, no less than to Master Manente, an age while these matters were in preparation. Lorenzo, in the meanwhile, had summoned to Florence old Nepo da Galatrona, a reputed wizard of the highest celebrity; and having made him understand for what purpose he wanted him, kept him in his palace to be ready at the appointed hour. The number of relics already collected, from all the country round, at Santa Maria Maggiore, was quite surprising; and the day of trial being at length arrived, and Manente's appearance recorded, they waited only the coming of the Vicar, who, accompanied by thirty of the principal ecclesiastics, with many of the first nobility of Florence, took his seat on a kind of throne, prepared for the occasion, before which Master Manente knelt with all due reverence. While in this position, all the forms of exorcism were gone through, and all prayers and canticles proper for casting out devils, read over and chanted to him, and also plenty of holy water sprinkled, and incense burned around him; and finally, every holy relic in succession passed through his hand by the attendant servitors, without producing the slightest change of countenance or other effect perceptible; after which, making again a low reverence to the Vicar, he demanded his discharge, together with a solemn act of recognition of his identity.

Just at this point of time, however, our old friend Monaco, who, by command of Lorenzo, had been to fetch Nepo the sorcerer, and was present in the church with him, observed that it was now time to commence his operations. Whereupon Nepo, rushing forward into the midst of the assembly, exclaimed in a harsh and discordant voice, "Draw back, draw back, worthy gentlefolks, and make way for me, that I may present myself before his reverence the Vicar, and discover the truth of this mystery." Upon hearing which exclamation, and beholding the strange appearance of him who utter-

ed it—(who was a man large of stature and strong-built, of complexion olive-brown, with a bald head, a lean and meagre countenance, a black beard reaching to his girdle, and habited in rude and fantastic clothing)—all present were filled with amazement and terror, and made way for him without hesitation; who straightway advanced to the Vicar, and proclaimed aloud in the words following: "To the end that the truth may be made manifest, know ye that Master Manente, who is here present, never departed hence; and that all which has happened to him has fallen out by force of magical art, by virtue of demoniacal agency, and by the immediate contrivance of me, Nepo of Galatrona, who am able to command the devils that they do what and when it pleases me. It was I, therefore, who caused him, while lying asleep in the place of San Martino, to be transported by demons into an enchanted palace, where, in the manner that he has already explained to you, I held him in close confinement, until, one morning at day-break, I ordered him to be thence again conveyed to the forest of La Vernia, and there left him. It was I, who caused one of my familiar spirits to assume his corporeal likeness, and make it appear that he had died of the plague; and who finally suffered himself to be buried instead of him; from whence all these extraordinary events have since proceeded. All these things have I done in scorn of Master Manente, and in revenge for an injury once inflicted on me by his father, in the *Pievé* San Stefano, which he inhabited; which injury I was never able to return upon him who had committed it, by reason of a breviary which he always carried about him next his heart, in which breviary was inscribed the prayer of Saint Cyprian. And now that ye may all know the truth of these words I speak to you, go ye, and open the vault where the pretended physician was buried; and if ye do not there behold the most undoubted tokens of that which I have now delivered to you, hold me for a liar and a juggler, and sever my head from my body."

The Vicar and all present, had list-

ened to this discourse very attentively, while Master Manente, full of indignation and terror, looked at his supposed tormentor as if he could have torn him to pieces, and at the same time, like one in a dream, the by-standers, in like manner, not being able to take their eyes off from him. Whereupon the Vicar, desirous of putting an end to this strange adventure, laid his commands upon two friars of Santa Croce, and two of Saint Mark's, that they should go forthwith and examine the vault in question; who, having accordingly set themselves in motion, were followed by many other friars and priests, regular, as well as secular, in great abundance. Nepo remained during this time in the church, in company with the Vicar and with Master Manente, who, more and more alarmed the longer he staid with them, were now afraid to look him in the face, their minds misgiving them that he was either another Simon Magus, or at least a new Malagigi. In the meantime the deputed friars, with those who had accompanied them, had reached the cemetery of Santa Maria Novella, where they sent for the Sacristan, and caused him to open the vault in which they were given to understand that the reputed corpse had been buried.

That same morning Monaco, by the command of the Magnifico, had brought from the tower of Careggi a cock-pigeon, of colour as black as pitch, the strongest and best flying bird ever witnessed, and which knew so well how to find its own pigeon-house, that it had more than once returned to it from Arezzo, and even from Pisa. This bird he had, unseen of any body, concealed within the vault, which he afterwards closed up again so carefully, that it seemed as if it had never been opened for the last ten years; insomuch that the before-mentioned Sacristan found himself obliged to have recourse to his spade and mattock to enable him to remove the earth, and lift the stone from its place; which he had no sooner accomplished, than, to the astonishment and dismay of all present, this black pigeon, which had till then remained torpid, seeing the light of the flam-

beaux, was awakened, and flew out of the vault, taking its course through the air in the direction of Careggi, where, in less than the eighth part of an hour, it recovered its home in safety.

The Sacristan, at sight of this unexpected occurrence, was so overcome by terror, that he fell backwards, pulling the stone of the sepulchre after him, so that he broke his leg in the fall, and was laid up for many days and weeks in consequence of the accident. The holy friars, and the greater part of the attendant multitude, ran back in the direction of Santa Maria Maggiore, crying out, "A miracle! a miracle!" Some declared that there had issued forth from the tomb a spirit, in likeness of a squirrel, but with wings. Others affirmed, that it was a fiery flying dragon; while others, again, would have it, that it was a devil converted into a bat. The greater part however agreed, that it was a little sucking dæmon: and there were not wanting those who were certain that they had seen its horns and its cloven feet. The Vicar, and those who remained with him in the church, were fully occupied with the various reports of those who came crowding back to them from without; and Nepo, availing himself of this confusion, and secretly favoured by Monaco and Lorenzo's servants, slipped away out of doors, and mounting an excellent hack, which he had left standing for him at no great distance, came back in safety to his own house, in Galationa, almost before his absence had been discovered.

No sooner, however, had the Vicar leisure enough to look round him, and perceive the flight of the sorcerer, than he began to cry with a loud voice, "Seize him, seize him, and let him be burned for a witch and conjuror!" But when they were able nowhere to find him, they were all fully persuaded that he had disappeared by magic. The Vicar then commanded that the relics should be taken back to the places from whence they had been brought; and, having dismissed the priests and monks in attendance, returned (accompanied by Master Manente) to the palace of the Medici.

Meanwhile, the Magnifico, who had

been duly apprized of all that passed, and made capital sport of it with a few of his familiar acquaintance, when the Vicar came up to him, calling aloud for the officers of justice to be sent after Nepo de Galationa, to have him apprehended and burned for sorcery, said to him only, "Most Reverend Vicar, let us, in God's name proceed coolly in this business of Nepo; but what say you as to Master Manente?"—"I say, verily," answered the Vicar, "that there is no longer any manner of doubt but that this is the very same, and that he never changed this life for another."—"That being the case," rejoined the Magnifico, "I am now prepared to pass sentence, to the end that these unfortunate litigants may at length be extricated from this web of entanglements." So saying, he sent for the brother goldsmiths, (who came, although very reluctantly, seeing how matters were likely to go against them) and insisted on their forthwith embracing the long-lost Manente; after which he gave judgment to the effect following, (*viz.*) That for the remainder of that day Michel Angelo should remain in possession, for the purpose of packing up all the goods and chattels which he had brought with him into the house of the physician: that Monna Brigida, with only four shifts besides her gown and petticoat, should withdraw to the house of her brother Niccolajo, and there remain till she was brought to bed: that after that event had taken place, it should be in the option of Michel Angelo to take charge of the infant, and, in case of his refusal, the physician might adopt him; or, if neither, then that it should be sent to the Innocents: that the expenses of her confinement should be entirely defrayed by Michel Angelo: that Master Manente should, in the meanwhile, re-enter into possession of his own house, and have his son restored to him; and that, at the end of the term of her confinement, Monna Brigida should return to live with him, and he be compelled to receive her back again, for better or worse, as if nothing had happened to disturb their conjugal felicity.

This was applauded by all present as a most righteous judgment; where-

upon the two goldsmiths and the physician returned their thanks with all due humility, and forthwith departed, in order to give effect to its provisions. And so complete was the reconciliation when all parties perceived that it was in vain to think of placing matters on a different footing, that they all supped together with Monna Brigida that same evening, in the house of Master Manente, Burchiello bearing them company. His reverence the Vicar was the only person among them who did not appear to be satisfied, as he had set his heart upon a bon-fire of the conjuror; but Lorenzo would not listen to him, and answered to all his solicitations, that it was much better to pursue the affair no farther, and that, as for Nepo, it was quite in vain to think of taking him, since he could, at any time he pleased, render himself invisible, or change his figure into that of a serpent, or any other animal, to the certain discomfiture of those who attempted it—a power which was permitted him (doubtless) for some wise purposes, although such as human reason was unable to fathom; added to which, the danger of provoking so great an adversary was by no means to be overlooked or despised; all which having duly considered, his reverence, (who was in the main a good-natured, easy man, by no means difficult to be persuaded,) entered at last into all his views, and declared himself fully convinced that it was the best and safest course to think no more about it. Indeed, the last of the reasons assigned by Lorenzo more powerfully affected the good Vicar than any of the preceding; nor could he help being apprehensive that he had already incurred the chastisement of some grievous malady by his mere proposal for the arrest of the sorcerer; insomuch that, until his dying day, nobody ever heard him, from that time forward, so much as pronounce the name of Nepo, or give the least hint of such a person's existence.

It is unnecessary to say more with regard to the remaining actors of this eventful drama, than that Lorenzo's judgment was punctually carried into execution, and that, Monna Brigida having, in due time, given birth to a

male offspring, the worthy goldsmith acknowledged it, and brought it up as his own until his death, which happened about ten years after, the boy was then placed in the monastery of Santa Maria Novella, and in process of time was admitted into that holy brotherhood, where he became distinguished for learning, and a celebrated preacher, for his acute reasoning and sugared eloquence known among the people by the appellation of Fra Succhiello. As for Master Manente, he never believed otherwise than in the whole truth of the story fabricated by Nepo for the occasion; and very frequently observed, in allusion to it, that *the pear which the father eats is apt to set on edge the teeth of the son*—a saying which passed into a proverb, and has remained amongst us to the present day. Nor was he at any time, so long as he lived,

undeceived on this subject, although not only Burchiello, but Lorenzo himself, as well as Monaco, and the grooms very often delighted themselves and their friends, by recounting the whole history of this most admirable of hoaxes. He was, moreover, so thoroughly persuaded of the efficacy of the prayer of Saint Cyprian, in counteracting the effects of witchcraft, that he not only always carried it about his own person, as a preservative, but made his Brigida wear it also. And (to conclude) the worthy doctor lived many years afterwards with his loving mate, in all joy and contentedness, increasing in wealth and in children, and, every year, so long as his life lasted, celebrated the festival of Saint Cyprian, whom he adopted for his own tutelary saint, and ever held him in the highest veneration.

“ I THINK ON THEE.”

(Mon. Mag.)

In youth's gay hours, 'mid pleasure's bowers,
When all was sunshine, mirth, and flowers,
We met.—I bent th' adoring knee,
And told a tender tale to thee.

'Twas summer's eve,—the heavens above,
Earth, ocean, air, were full of love;
Nature around kept jubilee,
When first I breath'd that tale to thee.

The crystal clouds that hung on high
Were blue as thy delicious eye;
The stirless shore, and sleeping sea,
Seem'd emblems of repose and thee.

I spoke of hope,—I spoke of fear,—
Thy answer was a blush and tear;

But this was eloquence to me,
And more than I had ask'd of thee.

I look'd into thy dewy eye,
And echoed thy half-stifled sigh;
I clasp'd thy hand, and vow'd to be
The soul of love and truth to thee.

The scene and hour are past; yet still
Remains a deep impassion'd thrill;
A sun-set glow on memory,
Which kindles at a thought of thee.

We lov'd!—how wildly and how well,
'Twere worse than idle now to tell;
From love and life alike thou'rt free,
And I am left—to think of thee.

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

“ A turban girds her brow, white as the sea-foam,
Whence, all untrammelled, her dark thin hair
Streams fitfully upon her storm-beat front;
Her eye at rest, pale fire in its black orb
Innocuous sleeps—but, roused, Jove's thunder-cloud
Enkindles not so fiercely.”—*Duke of Mantua.*

“ This was the Sybil.”

Ladye, throw back thy raven hair,
Lay thy white brow in the moonlight bare,
I will look on the stars, and look on thee,
And read the page of thy destiny.

Little thanks shall I have for my tale,—
Even in youth, thy cheek will be pale;
By thy side is a red rose tree,—
One rose droops wither'd, so thou wilt be.

Round thy neck is a ruby chain,
One of the rubies is broke in twain;
Throw on the ground each shattered part,
Broken and lost they will be like thy heart.

Mark yon star,—it shone at thy birth;
Look again,—it has fallen to earth,
Its glory has pass'd like a thought away,—
So, or yet sooner, wilt thou decay.

Over yon fountain's silver fall
Is a moonlight rainbow's coronal;
Its hues of light will melt in tears,—
Well may they image thy future years.

I may not read in thy hazel eyes,
For the long dark lash that over them lies;
So in my art I can but see
One shadow of night on thy destiny.

I can give thee but dark revealings
Of passionate hopes and wasted feelings,
Of love that past like the lava wave,
Of a broken heart and an early grave!

Oct. 11, 1823

L.E.L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(Lit. Gaz.)

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

NAVAL PORTRAITS.

---“**H**O! the Gazette a-hoy! Heave to, and take a weather-beaten old Tar aboard. Zounds! would you make sail and leave me aground? almost lost my passage; aye, and so would you, Mr. Editor, if you'd one foot in the grave, and was compelled to hobble along sideways like a crab, as I do. Well, well; there, now I'm fairly shipp'd let's look about and take a survey of my fellow-passengers—all worthy souls, no doubt. How are you, gemmem, how are you?—‘Hearty.’—That's right; long may you float on the tide of public favour, and scud before the breeze of prosperity; and as for our foes, may they be condemned to hunt butterflies clad in a pair of half-worn cobweb small-clothes, fastened together with bachelor's buttons, mounted on the back of an Irish hunter as rough as a hedge-hog, with a hip-bone you may hang your hat on. Aye, aye, I'm no polish'd moon-seer or star-gazer, but a plain blunt Sailor. I'm proud of your company, though, gemmen, indeed I am, and hope you won't despise me 'cause I shake a cloth in the wind: they are only a few Sailor's memorandums—‘poor, poor dumb mouths.’ Fine feathers make fine birds, they say; but a wig no more makes a lawyer, than a lawyer could make a wig, unless it be an ear-wig; and remember that an honest Tar is not to be despised—he may carry all his wealth upon his back; and as for his cash, it may be like a wild colt on a common, obliged to be driven up in a corner of his pocket to be caught;—but ‘a man's a man, for a' that.’ And arn't I commenced minatour-painter,—a sort of my-crow-cause-mug-roughy? (there's a word for you.) But this is a tumble-down-and-get-up-again world, and the wheel is in constant motion. A man must either have a handle before his name, or tail like a comet after it, to get into notice and expose himself—D. D. M.D. or LL.D. which Jeddy O'Shaug-

nessy latinizes Leg-em Lather-em, Doctor. But avast! let's get on ship-shape—‘All hands a-hoy!’ tumble up there, and don't lie skulking in your births when I want to display your poor-traits. None of your grinning, Jack Rattlin; you look like the head of a Dutchman's walking-stick with a face as long as you can remember, and a mouth, not from ear to ear, but from there to yonder. The flowers of the navy, eh? Ah, so Lord Melville called you; sweet nosegays, to be sure, if we may guess by the grog-blossoms on *your* nose! They would have made you a gunner, Jack, but they were afraid of trusting that volcano near the magazine. This, gemmen, is the identical son of that Jack Rattlin that Smollett speaks of in his Roderic-Random, and he's his father's child every inch of him. There, don't hold your fin up—I know all about it; and once get you upon Duncan's action, there'll be no clapping a stopper on your tongue. I know what you are going to say now. ‘Close alongside! close alongside!’ was echoed from the lower and main-deck as you ranged up to the Dutch Hercule, and the Captain answered, ‘Aye, aye, my men, I'll lay you close enough, never fear: don't fire till you hear the quarter-deck.’ And so when you got at a tolerable shake-hands distance, you rattled your pepper-boxes at them, and made them sneeze a bit. Aye, aye, I understand all about it. In the language of one of your beautiful Latin poets, Horace, Homer, Cæsar, or Jupiter, I forget which—Pill-'em, Mill-'em, Board-'em, Sword-'em, Pike-'em, Strike-'em, and that's a battle. Ha, Donald, my boy! how's aw wi' you, mon?’—‘Brawly, brawly, thanks to ye for speering; how's aw wi' yoursel?’—“There's a fine picture, gemmen: look at Donald's wig; it resembles that one cut in stone in the British Museum, and fits as well—not one hair is out of place; indeed, his head seems to have been made for it. Look at his counte-

nance ! If some of our great masters want to study from nature here's the face. But it's of no use talking—I must get some of you into the Exhibition, and then take you to look at your pictures. Hold up your head, Donald, as you've been used to do every rope-yarn Sunday, when you muster'd by divisions with a clean shirt and a shave. There, gemmen, upwards of 80, with the bloom of a child, teeth like a young colt, and as active too. This was the man that won the running-match—seven left against seven right wooden pins, in a narrow lane ; the left wooden legs, on the right hand, and the right wooden legs on the left hand. My eyes, what a clattering as they rattled along and struck against one another. Half a dozen Merry Andrews beating Paddy O'Rafferty on the lids of as many salt-boxes was nothing to it ! Donald lost his leg at Trafalgar with the brave Lord Collingwood ; indeed he has sailed with him ever since he was a midshipman.—Where's Barney ?"—' Here I am sure.'—" And so you are. This, gemmen, is Barney Bryan, the one-eyed carpenter's mate of the Foudroyant. He is a native of Tipperary, though he tries to pass for a countryman of Sir Isaac Coffin's. He lost his eye by the accidental flash of a priming at the battle of the Nile ; and has a particular aversion to a Welshman. Old Davy Jenkins, the purser's steward, and he were perpetually wrangling about ancestry, and they frequently threatened to box it out. One day, I remember, (for Barney is an old shipmate of mine,) poor Tom Miller and myself set out upon a sporting excursion on Sir Sidney's estate at Rio Janeiro. We had struggled through the woods, torn our clothes and flesh with the brambles, and were almost suffocated with the heat, without shooting so much as a rat ; when my messmate, who was some paces ahead, singing

' A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Will get through the world, my brave boys,'

suddenly stopp'd and laid his finger on his lip. We enter'd an area that had been clear'd of the trees by the Admiral's men, for the carpenters to work and sawyers to cut the timber. ' Look,

(said Tom in a whisper,) look there !' Close to the edge of the saw-pit sat old Barney fast asleep, snoring most sonorously, and, as if to beat time, his head kept respectfully bowing to the measure. A huge he-goat at a short distance, whether attracted by Barney's nasal organ (for 'music hath charms,' &c.) or expecting the repeated nods were a challenge of skill, is uncertain ; but at every bend of the one-eyed carpenter's head, up sprung the goat on his hind legs, and shook his tremendous horns in a menacing manner. I wish I could spell a snort, for snoring began to get out of the question now. ' A plot ! a plot !' whisper'd Tom, almost convulsed with laughter. ' I'll bet five pounds on the old clothesman. I say it is a good plot—a brave plot, in all its *ramy*-fications.'—" Xxhhrnt," said old Barney. Up went the goat again ; but whether the apostrophe was longer than usual, or the nod more terrific to this hero 'bearded like the pard,' away sprung Billy, and with one butt capsized the old man backwards into the saw-pit. ' Haugh, haugh, haugh !' roar'd Tom. " Murder ! murder !" bellow'd old Barney. " Haugh ! haugh ! haugh !" went Tom again. I ran to see if he was hurt ; but there he lay half buried in dust and shavings, with his blind side uppermost. ' Halloo, Barney ! what's the matter ?' says Tom. " Oh, Mr. Miller ! (replied the old man,) I didn't think you would have used me in this manner."—" I ! (said Tom ;) No, no, I could never have done it so clean if I'd served a seven years' apprenticeship at it. But rouze up, old Barney, at him again ; it was Davy Jenkins ; here he stands, and says he an't done with you yet.'—" The rascal ! the backbiting, assassinating dog ! But stop a minute, I'll make him skip like one of his mountain goats, the villain ! I'll teach him to take advantage of me. Stop a minute, (rising, and climbing up) I'll soon show him——" But scarcely did he pop his head above the level of the ground, when the animal made another run, and happy it was for the old veteran he dipp'd out of the way. ' What ! bob at a shot !' cried Tom. " Aye, aye, (said Barney, crawling out

on the opposite side,) I might have guess'd as much where you're concerned, Mr. Miller." In the evening, when the workmen came aboard, "Lay hold of my axe there below," cried the carpenter's mate down the hatch-way. 'Baah,' was the reply. "Ah, your baaing—a fool's bolt is soon shot."—'Baa-aa-aah,' flew along the main deck; and from that hour poor old Barney has been almost baa'd out of his senses.—Who have we next? Oh, Dick Wills. Here, gemmen, is a pretty perpendicular figure, six feet four in his shoes; his head resembles a purser's lantern stuck on a spare topmast. There's a visage! The barber's afraid to shave him, lest he should cut his fingers through both his cheeks. He walks on his toes, and appears as if he was always looking on a shelf. He was coxswain to Lord Hew Seymour when he commanded the *Sans Pareil*. Dick has read, or rather swallowed, several authors, without digesting them, and now they lie heavy on his memory. He is a bit of a poet too; but history is his forte. A pun is beneath his notice, and Jeddy often gets a severe dressing for torturing words; however, 'tis taken all in good part, with an acknowledgment that a pun is the very punchinello of the vocabulary, and if wanting pungency, merits punishment; and when a punitor becomes punitive, he should not punish with a puny punctilio.—Now comes my respected friend Sam Hatchway. Age has not dimm'd the lustre of that eye; and though the winter of life has spread its snow upon thy head, yet is thy heart as warm as ever. Thus have I seen the frost of ages gathered on the lofty mountain, while in the valley the luxuriant vine has spread its beauteous foliage, bow'd with the purple cluster, rich in dispensing joy around. Sam sailed the first two voyages round the world with the immortal Cook; and he never to this hour mentions his name without a tear, although he sneezes, coughs, blames the weather, and a hundred contrivances to conceal the real cause.

Nearly ninety summers have swept down the tide of time, and he is looking forward to a peaceful mooring in the blessed haven of eternal rest. How calm, how dignified that look by care unruffled! Yes, it is the sweet smile of hope that looks beyond this cold, dull sphere that bounds us. There may we meet again, where hope is unknown, where all is certainty, for all is heaven.—Next comes Johnny Dumont, a native of Canada. He was with Wolfe at Quebec, and saw that gallant hero fall; was present at both Copenhagen affairs, the taking of the Isle of Anholt, and the storming of San Sebastian, at which latter place he lost his right arm in attempting to stop a six-pound shot fired from the citadel. He is a quiet, inoffensive man, and consequently has nothing very striking about him. But I must once crave your indulgence for the rest, as Sam Quketoes has just hobbled up to inform me that my presence is requested at the Jolly Sailor, to decide a dispute between Ben Marlin and Jem Breeching, whether the first invention of our ingenious ancestors was a pig's yoke or a mouse-trap,—a subject well worthy of attention in this age of mechanical speculation. Sam, who has lately been studying craniology, has an idea, that the brain actually takes the particular form of any object on which the fancy or ingenuity broods. Thus, one man's coils away like a patent chain cable; and another's resembles a steam engine with a fly wheel; a third takes the shape of a cork screw; a fourth of a tread mill in constant motion; a fifth of a roasting jack; while an author's is constantly changing from a crust of bread to a round of beef—from a sovereign to the king's bench—from his last work to a critical review. Good bye, gemmen, good bye—you shall see me again before long. Keep a look out, for perhaps I shall come disguised as a gentleman; till then—Don't bother me, Sam, I'm a-coming—till then, Meum and Tuum."

AN OLD SAILOR.

A POET'S THANKS.

By Bernard Barton.

(Lond. Mag.)

Nay ! let not sorrow cloud thy brow, nor thus in thought repine,
 Because thou see'st my vigour bow, my drooping health decline ;
 This heart is yet in love unchill'd, my spirit is as free,
 My feelings, still, as fondly thrill'd whene'er I turn to thee.

I know, although thou speak'st them not, the thoughts which fill thy mind ;
 Thou think'st thy minstrel's earthly lot unworthily assign'd ;
 Could wish of thine that lot dictate, much brighter it would be,
 Yet far from cheerless is his fate who finds a friend like thee.

I own I should rejoice to share what poorest peasants do,
 To breathe heaven's heart-reviving air, and hail its vault of blue ;
 To see great Nature's soul awake in flow'ret, bush, and tree,
 And childhood's early joys partake in quiet haunts with thee.

Yet more, far more, 'twould soothe my soul with thee, dear friend, to stray,
 Where ocean's murmuring billows roll in some secluded bay ;
 The silent cliffs, the speaking main, the breezes blowing free,
 These could not look, speak, breathe in vain, if felt and shared with thee.

Yet though such luxuries as these remain to us unknown,
 We from our scanty store may seize some joys of tend'rest tone :
 Proudest Prosperity had brought no purer bliss to me,
 Than bleak Adversity has caught in darkest hours from thee.

Had Fortune on our prospects smiled and sunshine round us flung,
 Had flowers alone our path beguiled, where many a thorn has sprung,—
 That thornless path, those sun-bright skies, though lovely they might be,
 Could ne'er have taught my heart to prize what most I prize in thee.

The bird whose soft and plaintive song is heard alone at night,
 Whose note outvies the warbling throng that hail day's garish light,—
 The flower that spreads, in wilds remote, its blossom to the bee,—
 These, these the touching charms denote which I discern in thee.

Thy voice in care, in grief, in pain, has been to me as dear
 As Nature owns that night-bird's strain in watches dark and drear ;
 What to the bee that flow'ret's bloom, or sun-light to the sea,—
 All this and more, in hours of gloom, have I oft found in thee.

While *some*, as every joy decreas'd their sympathy denied,
 Or like the *Levite*, and the *priest*, pass'd on the other side ;
 My cares *Thou* didst not coldly scan, nor from my sorrows flee ;
 The kind, the good Samaritan was still a type of thee.

Though I may darkly pass away, as in the noon of life,
 And sink, by premature decay, from being's feverish strife ;
 Yet thou, at least, hast been a friend, a noble friend to me,
 Nor with my mortal life can end the tribute due to thee.

Believe it not ! the love that gives to life its truest zest,
 The warm affection that outlives the sunshine of the breast,—
 These, these are boons surpassing far what bends the worldling's knee ;
 These, which the world can never mar, I owe, dear friend, to thee.

And should some fragments of my song, which thy applause endears,
 Borne on the stream of time along, survive to distant years ;
 May such around thy cherish'd name a fadeless garland be,
 And with the poet's purest fame be twined his love for thee.

HISTORY OF THE GARDEN OF PLANTS.*

(Extracted from Blackwood's Mag.)

WE have lately received a very delightful book, from a very delightful friend, and, being anxious that the world should become as happy, and as well informed, as ourselves, we lose no time in requesting the numerous individuals of which it is composed, men, women, and dandies, the "intermediate link," to order each and all of them, his, her, and its copy. Every body knows something now-a-days of the Garden of Plants, or at least ought so to do; for it has been ascertained, that even "Tims" has bearded the Douglas in his den; that is, has stood within a few paces of the Menagerie without any fear of being driven to atoms by the tuft of the lion's tail. - - -

The Garden of Plants is certainly a most interesting spot. What can be more delightful than to wander about in the twilight of a fine autumnal evening, beneath those magnificent rows of ancient lime-trees, when the air is perfumed by the balmy breath of many thousand flowers—to listen, amid such a scene of stillness and repose, to the multitudinous voice of a mighty city—or to contrast a sound composed of such discordant and tumultuous elements with the wild and plaintive cries of some solitary water-fowl, which inhabits the banks of a little lake, in the centre of this Garden of Paradise! On the other hand, during the day-time, if less interesting to your sentimentalist, it is certainly fully more amusing to the ordinary class of visitors. Great part of one side of the Garden is laid out as a Menagerie, in which all sorts of wild animals are confined, or, more properly speaking, detained—the extreme comfort and extent of the dwellings, with their beautiful conformability to the pursuits and manners of their inhabitants, almost entirely precluding the idea of any thing so harsh and rigorous

as confinement. There the elephant, "wisest of brutes," occupies, as he ought to do, a central and conspicuous situation. He is not lodged, as he is with us, in a gloomy crib, in which he can scarcely turn himself round with sufficient freedom to perform the little devices taught him by his keeper, and which one sees how much he despises by the calm melancholy expression of his eyes. He dwells in a large and lofty apartment, opening by means of broad folding-doors into a capacious area, which is all his own. In this he has dry smooth banks to repose upon, and a deep pond of water, into which, once a day, he sinks his enormous body, causing the waters to flow over every part, except his mouth and proboscis. Nothing can be more refreshing than to see him, after basking for some hours in the morning sun, till his skin becomes as parched and dry as the desert dust of Africa—to see him calmly sinking down amidst the clear, cool waters of his little lake, and re-appearing again, all moist and black, protruding his huge round back, more like a floating island, or a Leviathan of the ocean, than an inhabitant of terra-firma.

In this neighbourhood, too, there are camels and dromedaries, the "ships of the desert," as they are so beautifully called in the figurative language of the east, either standing upright, with their long, ghost-like necks, and amiable, though imbecile countenances, or couched on the grass, "and bedward ruminating," apparently well pleased to have exchanged the burning plains of Arabia for the refreshing shades of the Jardin des Plantes. No fear now of the blasting breath of the desert, or of those gigantic columns of moving sand which had so often threatened to overwhelm them, and the leaders of

* History and Description of the Museum of Natural History and Royal Botanic Garden of Paris. Translated from the French of M. Deleuze, assistant Botanist. By A. A. Royer. 2 vols. 8vo. with 17 plates.

This work has been composed, by authority of the French government, from materials furnished by the Professors and Administrators of the Museum.

their tribe—no delusive mirage, tempting them still onwards, amongst those glaring, glittering wildernesses, “with show of waters mocking their distress.” Even the wilder and more romantic animals seem here to have found a happy haven and a fit abode. The milk-white goat of Cachmire, with its long silky clothing, is seen reposing tranquilly, with half-closed eyes, upon some artificial ledge of rock, forming a beautiful and lively contrast to the dark green moss with which it is surrounded. Deers and antelopes repose upon the dappled ground, or are seen tripping about under the shade of the neighbouring lime-trees, while the enclosures, with their surrounding shrubbery, are so skilfully arranged and so intermingled with each other, that every animal appears as if it enjoyed the free range of the whole encampment, instead of being confined to the vicinity of its own little hut. The walks are laid out somewhat in a labyrinthic form, so that every step a person takes he is delighted by the view of some fair or magnificent creature from “a far country.” Birds of the most gorgeous and graceful plumage, peacocks, golden pheasants, and cranes from the Balearic Isles, solicit attention in every quarter, and are seen crossing your path in all the stateliness of conscious beauty, or gliding like sunbeams through groves of ever-green, “star-bright, or brighter.” In whatever direction you turn, you find the features of the scenery impressed with characters very different from those which are usually met with in European countries. At the head of the Garden, beyond the house which was once the dwelling of the illustrious Buffon, there grows a magnificent cedar, its head rendered more picturesque by a cannon-ball which struck it during the Revolution;* and from a little hill in the neighbourhood, there is an ex-

tensive and beautiful view, not only of the Garden of Plants, with its fine groves and shady terraces, but also of the city itself, with Mont Martre rising like an acropolis in the distance, the old square tower of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the golden dome of the Hospital of Invalids.

Between the Garden of Plants properly so called, and that part of it which is devoted to the uses of the Menagerie, there is a broad and deep sunk fence divided by stone walls into several compartments. These are the dwelling-houses of the bears, the awkward motions, and singular attitudes of which seem to afford a constant source of amusement to the visitors. Bare leafless trees have been planted in the centre of some of these enclosures, to the top of which Bruin is frequently seen to climb, as if to enjoy the more extended view of the garden, and of the groups of people who crowd its walks. Some of these animals, when they perceive any one looking over their parapet, erect themselves on their hind legs, and, stretching forth their great paws, seem to ask for charity with all the importunity of a moaning beggar. Indeed, they are so much accustomed to have bread and fruit thrown to them by strangers, that the slightest motion of the hand is generally sufficient to make them assume an erect position, which they will maintain for some time, till their strength fail them, and they drop to the ground, testifying by a short and sullen growl, their displeasure at having been obliged to play such fantastic tricks to so little purpose. An unfortunate accident befel one of the largest of these creatures some years ago. He was sitting perched near the top of his tree, when his foot gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground. A broken limb was the only disagreeable result

* “The largest of the pine tribe on the hillocks, is a cedar of Lebanon, *P. Cedrus*, the trunk of which measures twelve feet in circumference. The history of this tree, as related to us by Professor Thouin, is remarkable. In 1736, Bernard de Jussieu, when leaving London, received from Peter Collinson a young plant of *Pinus Cedrus*, which he placed in a flower-pot, and conveyed in safety to the Paris Gardens. Common report has magnified the exploit by declaring, that Jussieu carried it all the way in the crown of his hat. It is now the identical tree admired for its great size.”—Neill's *Journal of a Horticultural Tour through Flanders, Holland, and the North of France*.

of this misfortune. His temper of mind does not, however, appear to have been much mollified by his decreased strength of body, for it was this same animal which caused the death of the unfortunate sentinel who had descended into his area, misled, as it was supposed, by an old button or bit of metal, which he mistook for a piece of money. The cries of this poor being were heard distinctly during the stillness of the night by those who dwelt within the garden; but, as there was no reason to dread the possibility of such an accident occurring, no assistance was offered. He was found by the guard who came to relieve him in the morning, lying dead beneath the paws of the bear, exhibiting, comparatively speaking, few marks of external violence, but almost all his bones broken to pieces. The bear retired at the voice of his keeper, and did not, in fact, seem to have been induced by any carnivorous propensity to attack the person whose death it had so miserably occasioned. It was rather what an old man in the garden characterized as a piece of *mauvaise plaisanterie*, for it appeared to derive amusement from lifting the body in its paws and rolling it along the ground, and showed no symptom of fierceness or anger when driven into its interior cell.

Turning to the right as you enter the lower gate of the Garden, opposite the Bridge of Austerlitz, now called the Pons du Jardin du Roi, you approach the dwellings of the more carnivorous animals, which are confined in cages with iron gratings, very similar to our travelling caravans. Here the lion is truly the king of beasts, being the oldest, the largest, and in all respects the most magnificent, I have ever seen. There is a melancholy grandeur about this creature in a state of captivity, which I can never witness without the truest commiseration.—The elegant and playful attitudes of the smaller animals of the feline tribe being so expressive of happiness and contentment, prevent one from compassionating their misfortunes in a similar manner; while the fierce and cruel eye of the tiger, with his restless and impatient demeanour, produces rather the con-

trary feeling of satisfaction, that so savage an animal should be kept for ever in confinement. He appears to lament the loss of liberty, chiefly because he cannot satiate his thirst for blood by the sacrifice of those before him; his countenance glares as fiercely, and his breath comes as hot, as if he still couched among the burned-up grass of an Indian jungle. But his companion in adversity appears to suffer from a more kingly sorrow—the remembrance of his ancient woods and rivers, with all their wild magnificence, “dingle and bushy dell,” is visibly implanted in his recollection. Like the dying gladiator, he thinks only of “his young barbarians,” and, when he paces around his cell, he does so with the same air of forlorn dignity as Regulus might have assumed in the prison of the Carthaginians.

But while we are indulging ourselves in “a world of fond remembrances,” we are forgetting Mr. Royer’s book, to which we had set down with the intention of extracting an article.

The King’s Garden in Paris, commonly called the Garden of Plants, was founded by Louis XIII., by an edict given and registered by the Parliament, in the month of May, 1635. Its direction was assigned to the first Physician Herouard, who chose as Intendant Guy de la Brosse. At first it consisted only of a single house, and twenty-four acres of land. Guy de la Brosse, during the first year of his management, formed a parterre 292 feet long, and 227 broad, composed of such plants as he could procure, the greater number of which were given by John Robin, the father of Vespasian, the King’s botanist. These amounted, including varieties, to 1800. He then prepared the ground, procured new plants by correspondence, traced the plan of the garden to the extent of ten acres, and opened it in 1640. It appears by the printed catalogue of the ensuing year, that the number of species and varieties had increased to 2360. De la Brosse died in 1643.

Such was the origin of an establishment which has since attained so high a degree of prosperity, and has become

the first school of Natural History in the world.

The signal success of Tournefort in the cultivation of botanical science, is universally known. He was the first successfully to define the genera of plants, and the excellence of his groups exhibits the clearness of his conceptions, and ranks him as the father of that branch of the science. He died in 1708, in consequence of an injury received from a waggon in a narrow street of Paris, and left his collection of natural history, and herbarium, to the Garden.

We shall pass in silence the unprofitable period of Chirac's administration of the affairs of the Garden, and proceed to the appointment of Buffon in 1739, who was preferred to the situation in consequence of the dying request of Du Fay, his immediate predecessor. This illustrious writer was already distinguished by several memoirs on mathematics, natural philosophy, and rural economy, which had gained him admittance to the Academy of Sciences; but he was as yet unknown as a naturalist. Endowed with that power of attention which discovers the most distant relations of thought, and that brilliancy of imagination which commands the attention of others to the result of laborious investigations, he was equally fitted to succeed in different walks of genius. He had not yet decided to what objects he should devote his talents and acquirements, when his nomination to the place of Intendant of the King's Garden determined him to attach himself to natural history. As his reputation increased, he employed the advantages afforded by his credit and celebrity, to enrich the establishment to which he had allied himself; and to him are owing its growth and improvement till the period of its re-organization, and that extension and variety which rendered a re-organization necessary. If the Museum owes its splendour to Buffon,—to that magnificent establishment he, on the other hand, owes his fame. If he had not been placed in the midst of collections, furnished by Government with the means of augmenting them, and thus enabled

by extensive correspondence to elicit information from all the naturalists of his day, he would never have conceived the plan of his natural history, or been able to carry it into execution; for that genius which embraces a great variety of facts, in order to deduce from them general conclusions, is continually exposed to err, if it has not at hand all the elements of its speculations.

In 1784, Daubenton the younger being obliged by bad health to resign his place of keeper and demonstrator of the Cabinet, Buffon appointed, as his successor, M. de Lacépède, who was thus fixed in the pursuit of natural history, in which he has since made so eminent a figure, both as a professor and an author.

Buffon died on the 16th of April, 1788, and his place of Chief Intendant of the King's Garden was given to the Marquis de la Billarderie.

The disorders of the revolution beginning at this period, M. de la Billarderie withdrew from France, and his place of Intendant was filled by the appointment of M. de St. Pierre, in 1792. St. Pierre undertook the direction of the King's Garden at a difficult conjuncture. That distinguished writer was gifted with eminent talents as a painter of nature, and a master of the milder affections; he knew at once to awaken both the heart and the imagination; but he wanted exact notions in science, and his timid and melancholy character deprived him of that knowledge of the world, and that energy of purpose, which are alike requisite for the exertion of authority. Nevertheless, he was precisely the man for the crisis. His quiet and retired life shielded him from persecution, and his prudence was a safeguard to the establishment. He presented several memoirs to the ministry, containing some very sound regulations, conceived in a spirit of economy which circumstances rendered necessary. In these memoirs may always be noticed the following words:—"After consulting the elders," by which term he designated the persons who had been long attached to the establishment, though without an official share in its administration.

At a period so pregnant with disaster to the fortunes of the King, it may well be supposed that the King's wild beasts would not meet with a kinder treatment than the rest of the family. In fact, the Menagerie at Versailles being abandoned, and the animals likely to perish of hunger, M. Couturier, intendant of the King's domains in that city, offered them, by order of the minister, to M. St. Pierre; but, as he had neither convenient places for their reception, nor means of providing for their subsistence, he prevailed on M. Couturier to keep them, and immediately addressed a memoir to the government on the importance of establishing a Menagerie in the Garden. This address had the desired effect, and proper measures were ordered to be taken for the preservation of the animals, and their removal to the Museum; which, however, was deferred till eighteen months after.

The government manifested the most unceasing and lively concern for the establishment, and did everything in its power to promote its interests; but "penury repressed their noble rage," and rendered it impossible to furnish the necessary funds for the arrangement of the collections, the repairs of the buildings, the payment of the salaries, and the nourishment of the animals. These last-named gentry were indeed placed under very trying circumstances; and, shortly after this

period, it was even deemed necessary to authorize M. Delauney, Superintendent of the Menagerie, to kill the least valuable of them, in order to provide food for the remainder. Hen Pen herself was never in a greater scrape.

The face of things, however, speedily changed. The events of November, 1799, by displacing and concentrating power, established a new order of things, whose chief by degrees rendered himself absolute, and by his astonishing achievements cast a dazzling lustre on the nation, and suddenly created great resources. The extraordinary man who was placed at the head of affairs felt that his power could not be secured by victory alone, and that having made himself formidable abroad, it was necessary to gain admiration at home by favouring the progress of knowledge, by encouraging the arts and sciences, and by erecting monuments which should contribute to the glory and prosperity of the "great nation."

But, the proceedings of Buonaparte in the bird and beetle line being less generally known than his floating at Tilsit, or his sinking at Waterloo, their narration will afford materials for another article, which, however, must be postponed till next month. We shall then bring down the history of this magnificent establishment to the present times, and conclude by a description of its existing state.

THE DEEPEST SNOW WILL DROP AWAY WITH THE SUN.

(Lond. Mag.)

THE deepest snow will drop away with the sun;
The thickest ice will melt ere the summer is begun;
But love devout, and warmth of heart, and prayer, and constancie,
Cannot win ae kind blink from a fair maiden's ee.

Her sweet looks would wile the wild bird from the breer;
The music of her tongue, O it charms me for to hear;
She is straight, tall, and bonnie, as the new budded tree;
And welcome as the summer to the whole countree.

She wears a snowy hat, with a feather in the crown,
With clasps of beaten gold to her waist and her shoon;
With silver nets, and pearly springs, to bind aboon her bree,
And the pride has grown richer that sparkles in her ee.

Though her hose were of silk, and with silver was she shod;
Though her forehead was rubies, and her ringlets beaten gowd;
Though her mind was a mine of new-minted monie,
She is poor with them a' when pride's in her ee.

The gentle bird builds in the humble bower tree ;
On the top of the grove loves the foolish bird to be ;
And the hawk takes the high one, and lets the low one flee,
And so goes the maiden who has pride in her ee.

O she loved me once, and vow'd to be tender and true
As the flower to the sunshine—to twilight the dew ;
But her love it wore away like the leaf from the tree,
Yet she menses even pride with her bonnie black ee.

(Lit. Gaz.)

THE FAMILY ORACLE OF HEALTH ;

Or, Magazine of Domestic Economy, Medicine, and good Living. Edited by A.F. Crell,
M. D. &c. Three Monthly Numbers. London 1823.

“**T**HE Family Oracle!” exclaims Mrs. Every-body ; “there shall be no oracles in my family but myself.” —“But, my chuck,” gently whispers her husband, “consider the importance of the subjects—health, economy, medicine, and good living!” —“Fiddle di di,” replies the lady, “cannot I take care of your health? Do not I practise the most admirable economy in regulating every thing according to my own way? As for medicine, it is quackery; and I am quite sure you live well enough. No, no, we will have no oracles here; I have said it.”

In spite of this prohibition, Oracles have been famous from time immemorial,—and these three Oracular Numbers are now under consideration. Unlike the ancient *Oracula*, the modern presumes only to dictate on the common affairs of life, and leaves questions on war, &c. to other fates. If no Pythia utters the weighty truths, they are sometimes, at least, couched in pithy language; and if no auguries are framed, as of old, from the motions or feeding of fish, we are informed (a much wiser thing) how to cook and eat fish ourselves. To drop allusion, there are many good receipts, medical, culinary, and economical, in this work. On controversial questions relating to medicine and its professors, it has some rather bitter remarks; it does not spare quacks; and, in short, with a portion of heavy and uninteresting matter, has so much of smartness and talent as to form a medley whence both more useful hints and entertainment may be drawn than ever were from Delphi with its tripods, or Dodona with its brazen kettles. Whether its opinions on several

disputed points are just or unjust, we have not the means of knowing; and therefore we shall leave them to the readers of the work, and do our duty by serving up an *olla* of its miscellaneous dishes.

“*The first digestion is made by the teeth.*”

“As all genuine gourmands eat slowly, from the experience that fast eating soon destroys the stomach and brings on a premature old age, we shall beg leave to dip a little into the philosophy of mastication. For the purposes of reducing our food after it is cooked, to the form of a pulp or paste, we are provided with an apparatus more complete than those who have not examined the subject can conceive. The teeth are admirably adapted to grind the food, and the tongue, with its flexibility and its endless motions, to turn it in the mouth, while it is mixed with a fluid supplied in abundance from several pairs of fountains or glands in the vicinity, from which pipes are laid and run into the mouth. The whole surface indeed of the mouth and tongue, as well as the other internal parts of the body, give out more or less moisture; but this is not enough for the purposes of mixture with the food in eating.

“The largest of the glands which supply the mouth with fluid, lies as far off as the ear on each side, and extend to the angle of the jaw, consisting of a great number of round soft bodies about the size of garden peas, from each of which a pipe or channel goes out, and all of these uniting, form a common channel on each side. This common channel runs across the cheek nearly in

a line with the lap of the ear and the corner of the mouth, and terminates opposite to the second or third grinder, by a hole into which a hog's bristle can be introduced. Now the beauty of this contrivance is, that the gland, being situated at the angle of the jaw, the motion of the jaw in eating must press the fluid along the channel, at the very time it is wanted in the mouth.

"The openings on the next pair of glands may be discovered on carefully examining the mouth by means of a looking-glass. They are placed on each side of the bridle of the tongue, and near its root, opposite to the base of the fore-teeth. They are similar in structure to the former, being composed of pea-like globes, which send off pipes that unite in a common winding channel. The glands themselves may be felt under the jaw on each side, of an oval shape, and firm to the touch.

"The next pair have no common channel, but each of the small pipes opens into the mouth. These glands may be seen lying under the tongue on each side of the bridle, and only covered by the thin membrane of the mouth. They are usually of a blueish colour, from the blood-vessels which pass along their surface.

"The art of the chemist can discover in the fluids produced from these glands little else besides water, a little mucus, and what is called by chemists the phosphate of lime; yet the saliva is found to have a more extraordinary power than water of dissolving substances, and hence its great utility as a dissolver of the food. It has been estimated that about a pound of saliva flows into the mouth every day, and particularly during the exhalations of a good dinner."

Our readers may examine their mouths, if they please, and see that all the pipes are in proper order; and after that to dinner with what appetite they may. Should it tempt them to a debauch of oysters, we can tell them from this Oracle—

----- "When too many oysters have been incautiously eaten, and are felt lying cold and heavy on the stomach, we have an infallible and immediate remedy in hot milk, of which half a

pint may be drank, and it will quickly dissolve the oysters into a bland, creamy jelly. Weak and consumptive persons should always take this after their meal of oysters."

Should the contrary be the case, and the appetite weak, here is a preparation which would tempt a person without a palate:

"To make an exquisite Midnight Devil of Woodcocks."

"Mix equal parts of fine salt, cayenne pepper, and currie powder, with double the quantity of powder of truffles; cut up a brace of under-roasted woodcocks, and powder every part gently with the mixture; crush the trails and brains along with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, a small portion of pounded mace, and the grated peel of half a lemon, and half a spoonful of soy, until the ingredients be brought to the consistence of a fine paste; then add a table spoonful of catsup, a full wine-glass of Madeira, and the juice of two Seville oranges; throw this sauce, along with the birds, into a silver stew-pan, close covered, to be heated with a spirit-of-wine lamp: keep it gently simmering, and occasionally stirring, till the meat has imbibed the greater part of the liquid. When you have reason to suppose it done, pour in a quantity of salad oil, stir it well, "and then—It should be instantly served round as hot as fire:—a cold devil is only fit for the burning skies of India."

Our Oracle declares that no soups are nourishing; and maintains that it was owing to the attempt to feed the prisoners in the Penitentiary with soups, that they became exposed to typhus-fever and literally starvation to death. But let us turn to less painful subjects.

Now for the Fair:

"As a stream late conceal'd
By the fringe of its willows,
Now rushes reveal'd
In the light of its billows;

As the bolt bursts on high
From that black cloud that bound it,
Flash'd the soul of that eye,
From the long lashes round it."

"It is no less strange than true, however, that European beauties are quite inattentive to the growth of their eye-

lashes; though in Circassia, Georgia, Persia, and Hindostan, it is one of the first objects of a mother's care to promote the growth of her children's eye-lashes. - - - Hair left to itself seldom grows long, but either splits at the top into two or more forks, or becomes smaller and smaller till it end in a fine gossamer point. When it does so, it never grows any longer, but remains stationary. The Circassian method of treating the eye-lashes is founded on this principle. The careful mother removes with a pair of scissors the forked and glossamer-like points (not more) of the eye-lashes, and every time this is done their growth is renewed, and they become long, close, finely curved, and of a silky gloss. This operation of tipping is repeated every month or six weeks. The eye-lashes of infants and children are best tipped when they are asleep. Ladies may, with a little care do the office for themselves. This secret must be invaluable to those whose eye-lashes have been thinned and dwarfed, as often happens by inflammation of the eyes. Some remarks which occur here on the beauty of large full eyes, and the means of heightening their effect, shall be introduced hereafter."

Is not this unwise in our Oracle? Is not he satisfied with the execution already done by female eyes, but would render them more deadly! The man is surely mad. But in these cases,

"He shall have here; that he has taught
Fatal instructions, which, being taught, re-
turn
To plague the inventor."

Confining ourselves principally to the subject with which we set out, namely, good living, we shall conclude with one other extract:

"*Hunger.*—It shakes our faith very much as to the high pretensions of knowledge put forth by physicians and anatomists, that none of them can explain the cause of hunger. If you ask them what causes hunger, one will tell you, that it is the sides of the stomach rubbing upon one another; a second will say, it is a pursing or drawing together of the stomach for want of some-

thing to distend it; and a third will tell you, it is the gastric juice actually set about digesting part of the stomach for want of something else to do. The latter assertion is thought to be supported by instances of the stomach being found after death, actually digested in several parts: but nothing which is alive can be digested, and it only proves that the gastric juice retains its power of digesting after death, in the same way as the gastric juice of the calf is employed in the form of rennet to curdle milk.

"We also give our own explanation of hunger, and think it is caused by want of the accustomed pressure of food on the nerves of the inner surface of the stomach; and as soon as this pressure is made by a fresh supply of food, the nerves are again stirred up into agreeable action, and secretion is thereby produced of the digestive fluid. Several circumstances render this explanation the most probable one. For instance, the sensation of hunger is increased by cold air, by cold drink, by acids, and by bitters; while it is diminished by heat, by warm drinks, by opium, by tobacco, and by every thing which has a tendency to blunt the feelings of the nerves. This principle may perhaps explain why gum arabic allays hunger, not by affording nourishment, but by blunting or covering the superficial nerves of the stomach.

"It has been objected to every account of hunger hitherto given, that the circumstance of the sensation ceasing after a time, though no food be taken, remains unexplained. In this we see no difficulty, for it resolves itself into the general law of sensation, that every strong feeling diminishes in proportion to its continuance."

Praying that no experience of this kind may enable our readers to form their own judgment, we take our leave of the Oracle.—There is room for improvement in the work, and if encouraged, we think there is talent enough to improve it. At present it is between jest and earnest, half fun and half utility,—a mule between a *jeu d'esprit* and a scientific treatise upon all things and every thing besides.

THE DUC D'ENGHEIN.

(European Mag.)

-----AS there are few real or fancied tales more tragical than the story of the *Duc d'Enghein*, I determined that I would not leave Paris without visiting the scene of his murder; a murder which, of all Buonaparte's actions, was certainly the blackest and least justifiable. After driving through the *Faubourg St. Antoine*, which witnessed so many of the eventful circumstances of the Revolution, I passed the *barriere du Trone*, and at the distance of an English mile from that spot found myself at the gates of the old castle of *St. Vincennes*, whose solitary position, gothic structure, and moated fortifications, are all in unison with the bloody deed perpetrated within its walls. The sentinel on duty would not allow us to enter the castle by the principal gate, but allowed us to walk round the ramparts to the draw-bridge on the opposite side. In casting my eyes on the ditch, which runs round this extensive edifice, I observed a little to the right of the draw-bridge some persons busily employed in laying out a small garden, while others were surrounding it with an iron railing, and in the centre of the garden appeared an accumulation of earth of the shape and size of an ordinary grave, but covered with turf. I enquired the reason of these preparations, and learnt with no little interest that this was the identical spot where the gallant and ill-fated *Duc d'Enghein* received his death blow, and under which he was immediately buried. To record these events Louis XVIII. had ordered these simple memorials to be prepared. After crossing the draw-bridge we were conducted up the narrow staircase of an ancient tower into a very small and dark room, where, covered with white cloth richly embroidered with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, appeared a coffin containing the bones of the murdered Duke, which bones have lately been removed from the spot in which they were first deposited, and which we had just visited. On the coffin lay a large stone, which the executioners had thrown over the spot under which they

interred their victim. The chamber which contains these articles is now converted into a chapel, and the body was surrounded with lighted tapers, near which also a sentinel was posted. This is the place where the royal sufferer underwent his mock trial. It appears that as soon as he had acknowledged, in answer to the first interrogatory put to him, that he was the person sought for, he was condemned without any further formality, conducted into another chamber where he was kept two hours while a message was sent to the Palace of the *Thuilleries* for the final commands of Napoleon, which were no sooner received than he was sent to the spot already described, and shot by torch light. This infamous act was committed on the 28th of March, and Louis XVIII. has ordered, on the annual return of this day, that a religious expiatory ceremony shall be performed. A person, who was at Paris when the melancholy event occurred, assures me that in spite of the rigid system of *espionage* which then prevailed, it excited much alarm and some complaint. It was rumoured that a Prince of the Bourbon family had been put to death, but the name of the victim was unknown. My informant was told by a soldier that he had been called upon, with several others, to carry into execution a military sentence, at one o'clock in the morning, at the castle of *St. Vincennes*; but who the prisoner was had been carefully concealed. I have heard that the unfortunate Duke was exposed, not only to every possible indignity, but even to great physical suffering. That after having been hurried to Paris from the Banks of the Rhine, without an interval of rest, he was not allowed the smallest refreshment on his arrival within these dismal walls. But this is a refinement on cruelty, which, for the honour of human nature, I am not disposed on mere rumour to believe.

After visiting the spot where one member of the royal family so miserably ended his short but honourable career, I thought I could not take a better

opportunity of visiting the scene of another illustrious victim's sufferings, and therefore proceeded from the castle of *St. Vincennes* to the prison of the *Conciergerie*. There I found a low, small, damp, and dark cell, which has lately been converted into an expiatory chapel; and here the once beautiful, elegant, high-born, and high-minded Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria and Queen of France, was confined sixty-seven days, and only left this wretched apartment to ascend the cart which conveyed her to the place of execution. During her long imprisonment she slept on a stone floor, on which a truss of straw was thrown by way of bed. No one who remembers, or has read of her personal and mental charms and regal splendour, or who recollects the beautiful passage in which our eloquent Burke has at once painted her charms, and recorded her claims to

compassion, can view this spot with indifference. Perhaps I ought to apologise for troubling you with an account of my visits to these dismal scenes; they do not strictly belong to that view of national manners to which you and I have agreed to confine our remarks, but the *Duc d'Enghein* and *Marie Antoinette* are so connected with your Revolution, and your Revolution with every thing which one hears and sees in this country, that I could not help telling you how much I had been affected in viewing the spots which witnessed the sufferings of these ill-fated and illustrious personages. Perhaps Louis XVIII. acts unwisely, as a politician, while he indulges an amiable superstition, by raising these expiatory chapels which I have had occasion to mention; yet, as a man, one can understand and pardon the feelings by which he is actuated.

THE DEATH OF A MISER.—A TALE.

(European Mag.)

ON the wide barren heath that lies between Milford and Petersfield, traversed in its extent by the high road to Portsmouth, there stood, near the way side, a small hut, the abode as it seemed of the most abject poverty. It had originally been constructed in a rude manner, of wood and broken pieces of brick and stone, and often as it became shattered by the wear of the seasons, the breaches were plastered with clay, or filled up with straw or dried leaves, or any other worthless material that barely served to exclude the inclemency of the weather. The low roof was thatched with turf, and one latticed window, on either side of the door, ornamented the front of the building.

The miserable tenant of this miserable hovel was an old man, named Langley Dutton, a miser. Langley was sure to be seen on every market-day trudging to Petersfield habited in an old-fashioned dark-blue thread-bare coat, with grey worsted stockings, and black willow hat, carrying on his arm the little basket that was destined to

contain the scanty supplies for the week. His complexion was healthful; but an anxious contraction of his brow, and the quick glance of eager suspicion which lightened his small serpent eye rendered his countenance far from agreeable; while the sharp tone of his voice and manner was peculiarly ungrateful and forbidding; his figure, which declined with the burden of his years, was meagre to an excess of leanness, and his soul was as lean as his body. He had never been married, and it seemed to be doubtful who might succeed to the inheritance of his vast wealth; for having never had the courage to contemplate the event of parting with his beloved hoard, he had made no will that could render his death an object of interest. It appeared, indeed, not improbable, that his domestic servant would attain to the principal portion of his vast accumulation. This woman, who was called Hester, had been taken from the poor-house at Petersfield; not in charity or kindness, for of any such feeling or sentiment Langley Dutton's nature was utterly in-

capable; but that, because the miser, with a view to escape the customary pecuniary claim on him as a parishioner, had fixed the spot of his habitation so precisely on the boundary of two different parishes, that it was not easy to determine to which of them he was responsible; and the point was only at length settled by his consenting to receive into his own house some one individual pauper, whose maintenance and support should be considered as a commutation of all parochial dues: and the readiness with which Hester accommodated herself to her master's penurious habits, reflected some degree of credit on Langley's discernment in the selection he had made. It was late in the evening of a raw, chilly day in December, the heavy mist that hung in the air descended at intervals in a drizzling rain, and, through the leafless branches of the trees, a bleak easterly wind came in hollow gusts that even sounded cold to those who did not feel it, the birds were hushed, and the cattle were in fold, and there was no living creature abroad, when a poor woman, who was journeying from London to Petersfield, in crossing the dreary waste of Lebbok-beath, became so spent with fatigue as to be unable to proceed any further, and, attracted by the light that showed faintly in Langley Dutton's cottage window, she knocked at the door and implored shelter, for the night, for herself and a child who stood shivering at her side.

Langley was seated by the side of the fire-place, where a few pieces of fuel were parting from each other, while some not unsavoury soup, which he had contrived to obtain by artifice, being a portion of a charitable distribution, was smoking on the table. On hearing the stranger's voice he pressed forward, and, in order to prevent by anticipation the expression of any compassionate sentiments from Hester, exclaimed in reply to the affecting application, "No, no, we have no room for you here; nothing but beggars about the country; there's a farmhouse about a mile farther on. Shut the door, Hester, shut the door."

Hester was proceeding to obey, but the woman, feeble as she was, exerted

all her remaining strength to oppose it, by placing her two hands against the door, crying in a tone of wild despair, "Oh! pray, for dear Heaven's sake have pity on me; I'm a dying creature; dying of cold and hunger."

"Ay, ay, that's just what they all say," rejoined Langley; "I dare say she's one of the gypsies I saw to-day; go along about your business, my good woman; we've got nothing for you here."

"A little cold water, I'm so thirsty," gasped the other in a subdued, inarticulate voice, the violence of her emotion giving way to excessive languor.

Hester, perceiving that the stranger appeared to suffer greatly from weakness and exhaustion, accorded what she asked for; and the woman, having drank very sparingly, gave the cup to the child, who greedily finished the draught. During this, Langley again said, "There's a brick-kiln behind here, not far off, you could sleep there very well; very warm and comfortable; come in, Hester, it's very cold; come in, and let me have supper."

The door of avarice was then closed against the unfortunate travellers; the female uttered a moan of poignant anguish, and taking her child by the hand turned her slow steps towards the place that Langley had mentioned; which having reached, they laid them down beneath the covering of a shed where the brick-makers were accustomed to labour, and soon sunk into unconsciousness.

The rain fell in torrents on the following morning, and no one approached the spot until two o'clock in the afternoon, when, the weather having cleared, a boy came to tend the kiln. On perceiving the mother and child he stared, and wondered, and walked round and about the shed, and came near and looked on its strange tenantry, yet, with the usual shyness of children, went lingering away without saying a word, resolved to report what he had seen when he should arrive at home. In his way to his own village he passed the farm-house alluded to by Langley Dutton, and, being known to its inhabitants, turned in, and related the circumstance of the shed; and having

succeeded in arousing the curiosity of his auditors, the master of the house, with one of his men and a female servant, sallied forth to seek an explanation of so unaccountable an occurrence.

On coming to the shed they saw the female lying stretched upon the ground with her face to the earth, while a boy, apparently about nine years of age, sat crouching by her with his head resting on his knees. The urchin looked up, as Radford the farmer advanced and said, "Why, my little fellow, what what makes you here? How long have you been here?" Then, without waiting for the reply, which the child evinced no readiness in making, stooped down and was proceeding to examine the features of the woman, when the boy partly interposed himself, saying, "You shan't wake mother;" but Radford had seen enough to ascertain the fact, and called out to his party "She's dead!" on hearing which they all gathered round, and having each come to the same conclusion, the question arose, "Who is she?" but none of them knew her; no one recollected to have ever seen her before. Radford searched her pockets in the hope of finding something that might lead to her identity; but the expectation was defeated; for, with the exception of a small bit of dry crust, they were utterly empty. She appeared to be about thirty years of age, and wore a pewter ring on the fourth finger of her left hand, and seemed to have belonged to the lower ranks of life; though the trace of extreme delicacy of complexion, and the neat arrangement of a profusion of light hair, were somewhat at variance with the coarseness of her hands, and the meanness of her apparel. Radford then again addressed himself to the child, but he possessed so little of intelligence or vivacity as to be able to afford scarcely any information.

"What is your name, my boy?" said the farmer.

"Otto," replied the child, with sullen reluctance.

"Nothing else."

"Yes, yes; you have got two names."

"No, only Otto."

"And that woman you say is your mother; what was her name?"

"Her name? why, mother."

"Where do you come from?"

"I don't know."

"Do you know where your mother was going to?"

"No."

"How long have you been sitting here?"

"Long time."

"How long has your mother been dead? Did you know she was dead?"

This was only replied to by a stare of ignorance and wonder.

"And cannot you tell the last place you were at, the last person you spoke to?"

Whether the child was stupid, or obstinate, or that his terror at the presence of so many strangers bewildered his comprehension, it was difficult to decide; but it was not until each question had been repeated, sometimes more than once, that even these brief and unsatisfactory answers were obtained. Radford, however, humanely persevered in his investigation, and, by degrees, drew from him an account of the vain application his mother had made on the preceding evening at Langley Dutton's cottage; for, that it could be no other than his, Radford felt assured from a description of the treatment they had received. Thither, therefore, Radford repaired, where his conjecture was confirmed by Hester's recital of the incident; though both Langley and his satellite appeared to be considerably alarmed and confounded on hearing that the woman was dead.

After consulting some time on the subject, it was agreed to be most expedient, that the deceased should be removed to a public-house about two miles distant, in order that an inquest might be held; while Radford expressed his intention to proceed to Petersfield, to acquaint the magistrate there with what had happened; having first despatched his servant to the farm for a caravan to convey the body. He also required that both Hester and her master should accompany him, but Langley refused to leave his treasure unguarded, and it was agreed that Hester only should attend.

Little Otto watched intently the operations of the men as they placed his mother in the kind of car that was brought for the purpose; and as he gazed on her altered and inanimate countenance, and saw her arm fall listlessly down from her evidently lifeless form, he seemed to be struck with an indistinct apprehension of the mystery of death, and uttered a sorrowful exclamation of surprise and fear.

Langley Dutton by his mean, selfish, inhospitable way of life, had long rendered himself obnoxious to the neighbouring peasantry,—for parsimony is ever an unpopular vice,—and they were now glad to have a fair occasion afforded them for expressing a general sentiment of aversion and contempt. So that when the little cavalcade passed the door of his hut they unanimously testified their indignation at his inhumanity by setting up a loud hissing noise, that could not fail to be displeasing to the ear it was designed to reach, inasmuch as it taught the miser to contemplate for a moment the worthlessness of his wealth, in feeling its insufficiency to protect him from the ridicule and insults of the meanest kind.

“I wish old flint and his den were burnt, that’s what I do; I’m sure I would not give a cup of water to put the fire out; we’d see if he could feel then, as he’s got no feeling for other people,” said an elderly village matron, who was holding Otto by the hand.

“I don’t think fire would burn him,” answered another female; “they say he deals with the devil, and that’s how he got all his money; and do you know,” added she, lowering her voice, “I’ve heard that there Hester is a witch. I’m not over fond of her company I can tell you.” One of the farmer’s men now joined them, saying, “I should like to catch that fellow near our horse-pond. I’d give him a good ducking, I warrant him; the savage, to drive a poor fellow creature from his door, in the agonies of death, so bitter cold as it was last night; poor thing! what she must have suffered; I say he’s as good as killed her.”

“It’s my opinion she’s been starved to death,” observed the first speaker,

“for when I gave a piece of our cake as I baked this morning to the child here, he devoured it so, I thought he would have eaten his fingers.”

Otto listened to all that was said with the most eager attention; and the dialogue which was kept up by decrying Langley’s churlishness to the poor, canvassing his unsocial habits, and relating various superstitious stories concerning his solitary austere way of life, lasted until the whole party stopped at the inn; and so much time had already been consumed, that it was just dark before they arrived there. The unfortunate stranger was then decently deposited in an upper room; Radford having left strict injunctions that no one should interfere in the matter until his return from Petersfield, while the villagers, together with a vast accession of gossips, who were assembled in the kitchen of the inn, amused themselves with debating, and discussing, and speculating on the mysterious circumstances of the affair.

Nearly an hour had elapsed, and they were yet deeply engaged on the question, when Radford entered the room accompanied by a magistrate; a gentleman who was highly respected for his integrity and urbanity of deportment throughout the whole of the district over which he presided.

The whole company then adjourned to the apartment where the deceased lay; and now, on a more minute inspection, a sealed letter was found in her bosom, addressed to a gentleman at Portsmouth; which, having been opened by the magistrate, went to prove that she was the erring and repentant child of a naval officer at Portsmouth, who, after having suffered the extremity of want and distress, was about to seek her paternal abode, to throw herself at her father’s feet, and beseech protection for her child. Upon reading the letter the magistrate looked round and desired to see the child, when it was discovered that he was unaccountably missing.

Diligent search was instantly made all over and around the house; but in vain. Radford severely reproved the negligence of those to whose care he had entrusted the boy, and desired that

the different roads should be carefully explored with lights. From some strange questions that Otto had asked the lad who had first seen them in the shed it was concluded, as most probable, that he had traced his way back to the brick-kiln; and several persons took this route in that expectation. As they came within sight of Langley Dutton's dwelling they were surprised to see flames issuing from the roof; they hastily advanced, but in ten minutes it was nearly level with the ground; for the wind blowing briskly seemed to take sport in assisting his brother element in the work of destruction; while Otto was discovered standing opposite, contemplating with looks of wonder and deep interest the progress of the fire which his own hands, nerved by revenge for his mother's loss,

had kindled. There was a rick of old hay standing against the back of the hovel, which he having ignited, by means of the proximity of the kiln, instantly communicated with the building, and Langley, who, having made fast his doors and windows was dozing in darkness, perished by suffocation from the smoke.

On an investigation of the ruins the following morning it appeared that Langley's last act had been an effort to secure his money chest, for the miser and his hoard were found frightfully associated; his skeleton was literally invested with gold; the fleshless fingers still clutched it; and what seemed to have been the heart was encrusted by it; and the skull was clogged with the molten ore.

ARIETTA.

VARIETIES.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, LITERARY NEWS, INCIDENTS, &c.

Vicissitudes of Fortune.—The subject of presentiments is a very common one. There are few persons to whom some internal and involuntary emotion has not at times appeared to presage what has afterwards happened to them. A Madame D——, resident at Paris, although still young and handsome, had not to congratulate herself on having either a husband or a fortune. For that reason she wore in society a constrained air, very different from her natural gaiety. Twelve hundred francs was all her wealth. A short time ago, dining at a friend's house, the original vivacity of her character for a while returned to her. "Ah!" said she, as she took her leave, "I have laughed too much to-day; something extraordinary will certainly happen to me." On her return home she found a letter requiring her to go to the Foreign Office. Thither she next day went. They asked her if she was not related to a certain M. Martin, the son of an artisan at Lyons. She replied that she was of that family, and that M. Martin was her cousin. They then informed her that this young man, who had left Lyons as a conscript in the French army, had been made prisoner in Corsica by the English, that he had after-

wards enlisted in an English regiment sent to Pondicherry, that by degrees he had become a Major in the service of the English East India Company, and the chief minister of one of the native princes, and finally that, dying, he did not forget either his native city or his family in the disposal of his property amounting to several millions; in the various bequests of which, she Madame D—— would find herself included for a legacy of 400,000 francs. The surprise of Madame D—— at seeing the presentiment of the preceding evening verified, and her situation so materially and unexpectedly changed from that which, although she had endured it, was very different from the one she ought to enjoy in the world, may easily be conceived.—The decree of the Supreme Court of Calcutta has, as we mentioned in our last, confirmed those brilliant hopes, by ordering the payment of all the legacies to the various legatees.

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WIZARDS, &c.

(Mon. Ma g.)

Sir,—Your correspondent Common Sense, in referring to the effects of the belief of witchcraft, so brutally manifested by some of the female inhabitants of Wivilscombe, in Somersetshire, has justly described oth-

ers who are as much under the influence of the principle of witchcraft as these poor deluded women. In his judicious remarks, however, he does not appear to me to have adverted to the cause of witch and some other crafts, moral as well as physical,—that phantom of a being called a Devil. The agency of this omnipresent author and promoter of all craft is maintained in this country both by church and state; and, while in our courts of law crimes are publicly denounced as being committed at the instigation of the devil, can it be expected that either his influence or that of hisimps will entirely lose their influence on the minds of the uneducated? If King James had not been so fond of contending against witchcraft, we should not have read, most likely, of the witch, but of the ventriloquist, of Ender; nor would the term *witch* have been in the translation of the Scripture, since it is not the proper rendering of any words used in the Hebrew writings. It was this King's fondness for demonology, as originating in the devil, which occasioned this term to be so frequently and so improperly introduced by his subservient translators. The religion of Jesus is wholly free from any such absurdity, as that of inculcating a belief in any such beings as *witches*, *devil*, or *devils*. This, so far as I am capable of judging, has been most satisfactorily ascertained and proved in some discourses which I have lately read, delivered at Portsmouth, and published under the title of "an Analytical Investigation of the Scriptural Claims of the Devil," by a preacher of that town of the name of Scott. I think, if I were accused of committing any crime at the instigation of the devil, I should demur against the count which contained the charge, on the ground of its impossibility.

PIOUS LIBERTIES.

(Recreative Mag.)

It may be asked, why expose the infirmities of the human mind? Why display so many instances of raving superstition and ignorance? To this we answer, that we wish them to be laughed down; for the authors of such farrago do much dis-service to religion, not among those who know how to discriminate, but among those who do not. If these rhapsodies had been acted only among the covenanters of Scotland, then it would not be worth while to drag forth the unwelcome records from their by-gone obscurity; but the same cant is every now and then attempted to be obtruded among us, by the fanatics of the present day, who even go to the length of saying that they are sensible of the operations of the Holy Spirit, and even name time and place. Now we think this is going too far; so far indeed, as to deserve our ridicule! for reasoning with such inspirati, or illuminati, the favoured people, is altogether out of the question. In fact, fanatics never were any great friends to reason and learn-

ing, and not without some kind of plea; first, because they have usually a slender provision of either; secondly, because a man has no occasion to spend his time and his pains in the studious way, who has an inward illumination to guide him to truth, and to make such labour unnecessary. Will it be pretended that certain pastors of the flock do not encourage all this? Read sectarian pamphlets and periodicals of the present period.

Never was hypocrisy carried to a greater height than in the civil wars of Charles I: they had Triers who appointed preachers to their livings, first asking them such questions as these: When were you converted? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the spirit? In what year? In what month? In what day? About what hour of the day, had you the secret call or motion of the spirit, to undertake and labour in the ministry? What work of grace has God wrought upon your soul? and a great many other questions, about regeneration, predestination, and the like.

Mechanics of all sorts were then preachers, and some of them were much admired and followed by the mob. "I am to tell thee, Christian reader, (says Dr. Featley, preface to his *Dipper Dipped*, 1647,) this new year, of new changes, never heard of in former ages, namely of stables turned into temples, and I will beg leave to add, temples turned into stables, stalls into quires, shopboards into communion tables, tubs into pulpits, aprons into linen ephods, and mechanics of the lowest rank into priests of the highest places. I wonder that our door-posts and walls sweat not, upon which such notes as these have been lately affixed; 'on such a day such a brewer's clerk exerciseth, such a tailor expoundeth, such a waterman teacheth.' If cooks instead of mincing their meat, fall upon dividing of the word; if taylors leap up from the shopboard into the pulpit, and patch up sermons out of stolen shreds; if not only of the lowest of the people, as in Jeroboam's time, priests are consecrated to the most high God; do we marvel to see such confusion in the church as there is?" Here are felt-makers who can roundly deal with the blockheads and neutral demicasters of the world; cobblers who can give good rules for upright walking, and handle scripture to a bristle; coachmen who know how to lash the beastly enormities, and curb the headstrong insolence of this brutish age, stoutly exhorting us to stand up for the truth, lest the wheel of destruction roundly overrun us. We have weavers that can sweetly inform us of the shuttle swiftness of the times, and practically thread out the vicissitudes of all sublunary things till the web of our life be cut off; and here are mechanics of my profession, who can separate the pieces of salvation from those of damnation; measure out every man's portion, and cut it out by thread; substantial-

ly pressing the points, till they have fashionably filled up their work with a well-bottomed conclusion."

But to proceed : the Puritans in the days of Charles I. were so daring as to make saucy expostulations with God from the pulpit. Mr. Vines, in St. Clement's church, near Temple Bar, used the following words : " O Lord, thou hast never given us a victory this long while, for all our frequent fasting. What dost thou mean, O Lord, to fling us in a ditch and there leave us ?" And one Robinson, in his prayer at Southampton, Aug. 25, 1642, expressed himself in the following manner : " O God, O God, many are the hands that are lift up against us ; but there is one, God, it is thou thyself, O Father, who doest us more mischief than they all." They seemed to encourage this sauciness in their public sermons. " Gather upon God, (says Mr. R. Harris, Fast Sermon before the Commons) and hold him to it, as Jacob did ; press him with his precepts, with his promises, with his hand, with his seal, with his oath, till we do *dusepein*, as some Greek Fathers boldly speak ; that is, if I may speak it reverently enough, put the Lord out of countenance ; put him, as you would say, to the blush, unless we be masters of our requests."

Evans goes still farther : " O God, O God, many are the hands lift up against us, but there is one, God, it is thou thyself, O Father, who doest us more mischief than they all (this was a favourite phrase). O Lord, when wilt thou take a chair and sit among the house of Peers ? And when, O God, when, I say, wilt thou vote among the honourable house of Commons ? We know, O Lord, that Abraham made a covenant, and Moses and David made a covenant, and our Saviour made a covenant ; but thy Parliament's covenant is the greatest of all covenants. I say this is God's cause, and if our God has any cause, this it is ; and if this be not God's cause, then God is no God for me, but the devil has got up into heaven."

It is curious to observe, that those who took these pious liberties, took the liberty also of quarrelling with the most innocent customs then in use, as the eating of Christmas pies and plum-porridge at Christmas, which they reputed as very sinful. This might be further illustrated if we had room. These were the people who considered mirth to be only made for reprobates, and cheerfulness of heart denied those who are the only persons that have a proper title to it.

The author of 'The Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence, 4to. 1693,' speaks of "the force that a loud voice and a whining tone, in broken and smothered words, have upon the Presbyterian rabble ; that they look not upon a man as endued with the spirit of God, without such canting and deformity of holiness. A person that hath the dexterity of whining, may make a great congregation of them weep with an ode of

Horace, or an eclogue of Virgil ; especially if he can but drivel a little, either at the mouth or eyes, when he repeats them. And such a soul may pass for a soul-ravishing spiritualist, if he can but set off his nonsense with a wry mouth, which with them is called a *grace-pouring-down countenance*. The snuffling and twang of the nose passes for the gospel sound : and the throwings of the face for the motions of the spirit." But we shall now proceed to give some extracts from this book, with the pious hope that the ludicrous instances cited will stop those who are getting into this way, and prevent any sect starting up in future, to act their parts in this manner ; viz. in giving us a torrent of words, and but a drop of sense :—

Mr. W. Guthrie, of Fenwick, hath a printed sermon full of curses and imprecations. "Will you gang, man, to the cursed curates ? Gang ! and the vengeance of God gang with thee ; the devil rug their hearts out of their sides."

Mr. Kirkton, lately in the church he possesses at Edinburgh, began his sermon thus : 'Devil take my soul and body.' The people startling at the expression, he anticipates their wonder with this correction ; 'you think, Sirs, this is a strange word in the pulpit, but you think nothing of it out of the pulpit ; but what if the devil should take many of ye when ye utter such language ?' Another time preaching against *cockups* (part of the head-dress we suppose,) he told, 'I have been this year of God, preaching against the vanity of women, yet I see my own daughter in the kirk even now, have as high a cockup as any of you all.'

Mr. Kirkton, preaching in his meeting-house on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, adduced several instances of the poverty of the people of God : amongst others, he had this remarkable one ; Brethren, (says he) critics with their frim frams, and whytie whaties (trifles) may imagine a hundred reasons for Abraham's going out of the land of Chaldea ; but I will tell you what was always my opinion, I believe Abraham, poor man, was forced to run out of the land of Judea, for debt.

One Fraser, of Bray, preaching at a conventicle in the beginning of King James's reign, began his discourse thus : "I am come here to preach this day, Sirs, in spite of the curates, and in spite of the prelates their masters, and in spite of the King their master, and in spite of the Hector of France, his master, and in spite of the Pope of Rome, that's both their master, and in spite of the Devil, that's all their master."

Mr. Areskine, praying in the Tron church last year, said, "Lord have mercy on all fools, and idiots, and particularly on the magistrates of Edinburgh."

'I have (says the author) often heard blind Mr. Best, at Utrecht, use this expression in his prayers : "O Lord, confound that map of sin, that child of perdition, that Anti-Christ, the Pope of Rome : thou

must confound him, thou shalt confound him ; good Lord, I will have you confound him.'

CHIMNEYS.

Time brings up many new and strange things, and there are revolutions in men's minds as well as in their circumstances. Our old historiographers examined subjects with original views ; and, though not the most respectable of writers, expressed their ideas with clearness. Hollingshed wrote during the reign of Queen Elizabeth ; his intention was manifestly good, in noticing the increase of luxury as prevailing in his days ; but few, probably, will adopt an opinion which he gives, respecting an invention from which so many advantages accrue. Among other daily changes, he protests against "the multitude of chimneys lately erected, whereas, in the sound remembrance of some old men, there were not above two or three, if so many, in most uplandish towns in the reign."

HEROISM.

(Lit. Gaz. Oct.)

The plague raged more violently than ever at Marseilles. Every link of affection was broken, the father turned from the child, the child from the father : cowardice, ingratitude, no longer excited indignation. Misery is at its height when it thus destroys every generous feeling, that dissolves every tie of humanity ! The city became a desert, grass grew in the streets, a funeral met you at every step. The physicians assembled in a body at the *Hotel de Ville*, to hold a consultation on the fearful disease, for which no remedy had yet been discovered. After a long deliberation, they decided unanimously that the malady had a peculiar and mysterious character, which opening a corpse alone might develope,—an operation it was impossible to attempt, since the operator must infallibly become a victim in a few hours, beyond the power of human art to save him, as the violence of the attack would preclude their administering the accustomed remedies. A dead pause succeeded this fatal declaration. Suddenly a surgeon named Guyon, in the prime of life, and of great celebrity in his profession, rose and said firmly, "Be it so : I devote myself for the sake of my country. Before this numerous assembly I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed, what I

observe." He left the assembly instantly. They admire him, lament his fate, and doubt whether he will persist in his design. The intrepid and pious Guyon, animated by all the sublime energy religion can inspire, acted up to his words. He had never married, he was rich, and he immediately made a will dictated by justice and piety ; he confessed, and in the middle of the night received the sacraments. A man had died of the plague in his house within four and twenty hours : Guyon at day break shut himself up in the same room ; he took with him an inkstand, paper, and a little crucifix. Full of enthusiasm, never had he knelt more firm or more collected : kneeling before the corpse, he wrote : "Mouldering remains of an immortal soul, not only can I gaze on thee without horror, but even with joy and gratitude. Thou wilt open to me the gates of a glorious eternity. In discovering to me the secret cause of the terrible disease which destroys my native city, thou wilt enable me to point out some salutary remedy—thou wilt render my sacrifice useful. Oh God ! (continued he,) thou wilt bless the action thou hast thyself inspired." He began,—he finished the dreadful operation, and recorded in detail his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers in a vase of vinegar, and afterwards sought the lazaretto, where he died in twelve hours—a death ten thousand times more glorious than the warrior's, who, to save his country, rushes on the enemy's ranks, since he advances with hope, at least, sustained, admired, and seconded by a whole army.—*La Peste de Marseilles, by Madame de Genlis.*

We hear that the scene of the next Waverley Novel is laid in Scotland, and the time about forty years ago.

Mr. Maturin's forthcoming Romance is called the "Albigenses ;" and founded upon historical events of the early part of the 13th century, interwoven with the fictitious part of the narrative.

The Expedition to the Polar Regions, under Captain Parry, has returned. The discoveries during this voyage have not yet transpired.

New Works.—Lizar's Views of Edinburgh, No. 3, royal 4to 5s.—Britton's Graphic and Literary Illustrations of Fonthill Abbey, medium 4to. 21s. ; imperial 4to. 2l.2s.